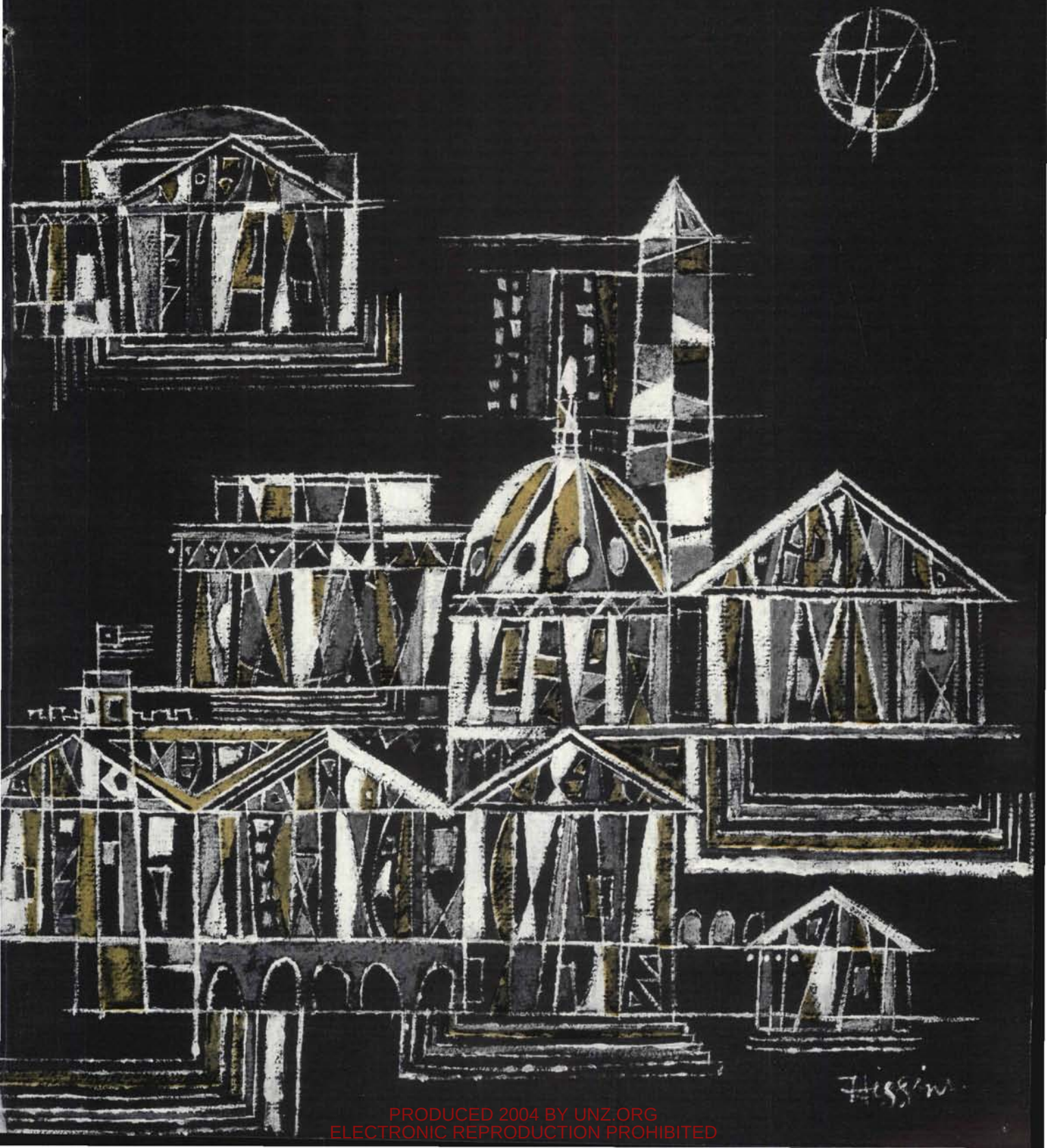
THE STAKES IN A SECOND TERM

March 22, 1956 25¢

THE REPORTER



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There lives at this time in Judea

. . . a man of singular virtue whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem as a prophet, but whose followers love and adore as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from the grave and heals all sorts of diseases with a word or touch.

He is a tall man, well shaped, of an amiable and reverend aspect, and his hair is of a color that can hardly be matched, falling in graceful curls, waving about and very agreeably couching upon his shoulders, parted on the crown of his head, running as a stream to the front fashioned after the Nazarites.

His forehead high, large and imposing; his cheeks without spot or wrinkle, and beautiful with a lovely red; his nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard of a color suitable to his hair, reaching below his chin and parted in the middle like a fork.

His eyes bright blue, clear and serene, look innocent and dignified, manly and mature. In proportion of body, most perfect and captivating, his hands and arms most delectable to behold.

He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, his whole address, whether in word or deed, being eloquent and grave.

No man has seen him laugh, yet his manners are exceedingly pleasant; but he has frequently wept in the presence of men.

He is temperate, modest and wise; a man for his extraordinary beauty and divine perfection surpassing the children of men in every sense.

—Apocryphal word portrait ascribed to one Publius Lentulus during the reign of Tiberius Caesar and first found in the writings of Saint Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury during the eleventh century.

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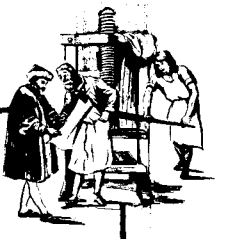

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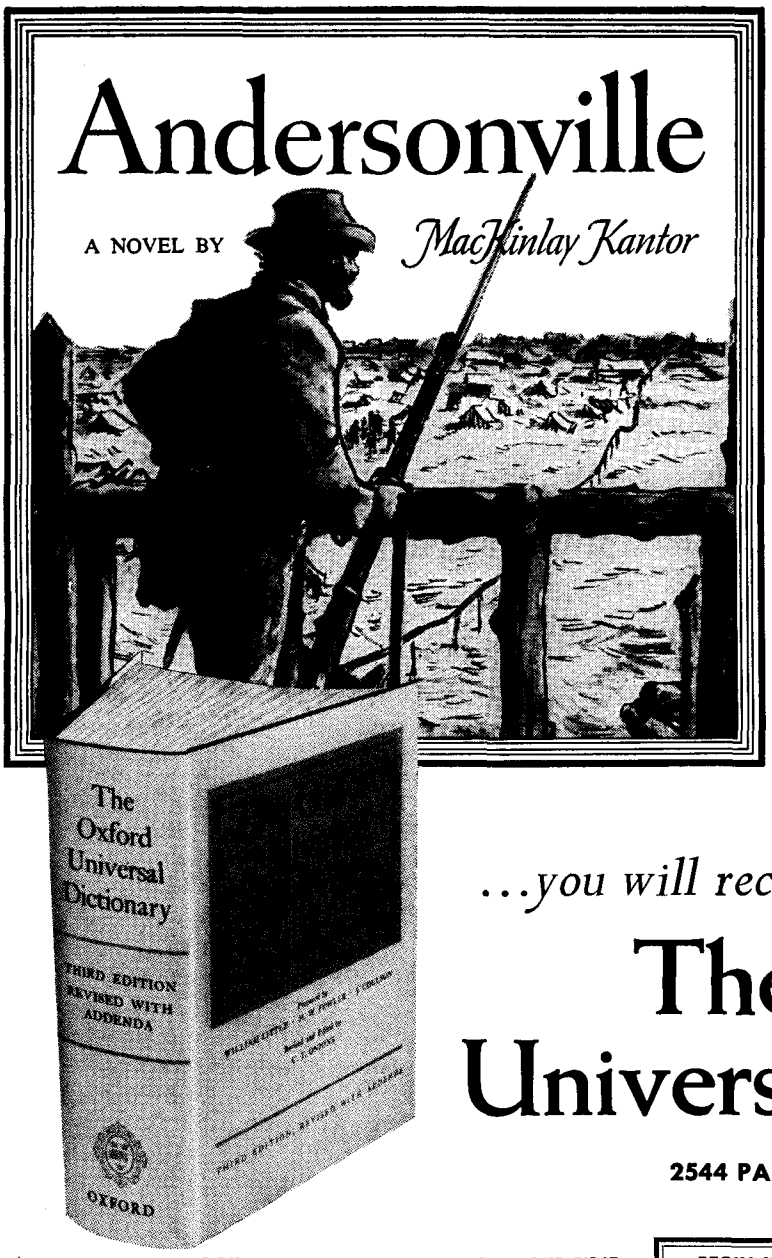

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Operation CANDOR

From the time the President suffered his heart attack, a peculiar relationship has been developing between him and the people of the United States. Now, with the announcement that he will run again, it could well continue for approximately five more years. One hundred and sixty-five million Americans have become diagnosticians, united by a common concern with the symptoms of one man. In these last few months we have all become accustomed to worry about the way he carries himself, the pauses in his speech, or the tiredness of his smile. Now we are asked to use our sovereign right as voters in order to keep on worrying for four more years by confirming in office as first citizen of our country the first object of our anguished worries.

What's extraordinary about the whole thing is that it all seems so normal, so likely to go through. The President, as we know, is an immensely respected, popular, beloved man. He has earned this patrimony of popular affection as a soldier, and no one knows whether, as President, he has been living on its income or on capital. But on one point no sensible person—and least of all the Republican politicians—can have any doubt: The Republican Party might well expect defeat in the next election if the President were not to run.

Since the September heart attack we have all been deluged with medical bulletins and reports and certificates on the President's health. Then the President himself started telling the people about his own feelings, worries, and misgivings. Now, however, both the doctors and the President have passed on their responsibility to the people. It is up to the citizens of the United States to certify the fitness of a man sixty-five years old who has suffered a serious heart attack to hold the most exacting and decisive elective job on earth. The whole operation has been conducted with superb political craftsmanship. Indeed, it has been rightly called a masterpiece of public relations. But not even the profound respect we have for the President can prevent us from calling this masterpiece of public relations what we think it is—an act of calculated demagogy.

WE DON'T doubt that the President was driven to his decision by the noblest of motives. Obviously his friends and advisers won his consent by appealing to the soldier's sense of duty. A soldier stands by his guns, stays in the line with his comrades whether the going is tough or not; a soldier offers his life for his country—not rhetorically, but in obedience to the most elementary requirements of his profession and honor. The President must have found it difficult to reject an appeal based on such an argument.

But this most civilian of professional soldiers has not been freed from his military duties long enough for him to measure the chasm that exists between the military and civilian realms. Each of them calls for courage, devotion to duty, sacrifice, and personal honor. The vocabulary of virtue is the same in each. Yet by no stretch of the imagination can the exercise of military leadership be compared with the exercise of civilian leadership.

A WAR is always a gigantic effort to reach a single end. It is a brutal and sometimes glorious parenthesis, break in the continuity of what is called peace. Tensions among nations may be more or less acute, more or less perilous, but in recorded history they have never been absent. War has a beginning and an end.

The Presidency of the United States can never represent a break in the continuity of the nation's life. A man who fights a war will subject himself to limitless strain, hoping only that he can endure until victory. Even his death can contribute to victory. A President's death does not contribute to victory. A Presidential candidate is not a man enlisting for an emergency in which he is willing to risk his life. A President can never think that he has only so far to go, that just so much and no more energy will be required to stay the distance.

It can be said of the holder of the Presidency that, like monarchs, he never dies. But just because a President is elected by the people and not enthroned by dynastic rules of succession, the people should never be

ON FITNESS AND SENIORITY IN CONGRESS

Let's have a committee of cats
To rule on the rights of mice;

Let's have a committee of pots
To give the kettles advice;

The devil examines sin,
The blemished exonerate taint;

If you're old enough, you're in;
If you're honest enough, you ain't.

—SEC

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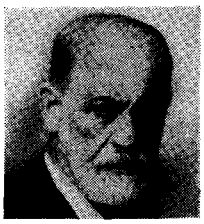
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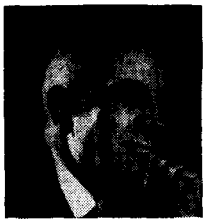
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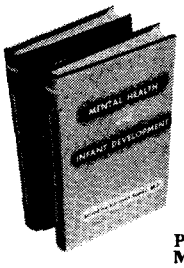

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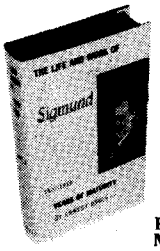

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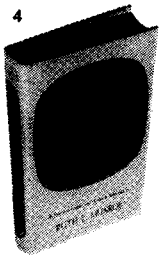

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asked to select a man about whose physical powers of resistance there are well-based doubts. The people must be sure that they are choosing a man who, to the best of their knowledge, has every physical qualification for carrying the burdens of office. Surely, it would seem only logical that the criteria for judging the physical fitness of a candidate for the supreme job in the land should be even stricter than those insisted upon in judging the so-called "security risks." The country cannot afford to consider for the Presidency a man who on any reasonable ground can be called a physical risk.

It is perfectly true, of course, that there have been Presidents who have died in office as the result of ailments that were already in them when they were seeking election. But the voters who elected them certainly knew nothing about those ailments, and probably the candidates themselves didn't either.

This time we are told that because of the fact that the risk is known to the candidate and to us, the risk is lessened. The incredibly detailed reports on the matter of the President's disability are presented as documentation to prove that the President should run. The people are given "the facts," it is said. To top it all, these "facts," these detailed reports of his symptoms and feelings, are called evidence of candor.

Some candor.

Miss Defense

The telegram read: ARMY ANTI-AIRCRAFT UNITS IN NEW YORK AREA WILL DEMONSTRATE USE OF GUIDED MISSILES (NIKE) FOR FIRST TIME, AT 10 AM, WEDNESDAY, 2/29, AT FORT TILDEN. YOUR REPRESENTATIVES MAY COVER BY IDENTIFYING SELVES TO MP'S AT GATE.

Our representative was one of a disgruntled band of reporters freezing in an arctic wind off the lower bay at Rockaway watching the beautiful white darts pointing skyward at a forty-five-degree angle in two rows of eight. Their "use," however, the announcement of which had brought us to this distant exposed mound, was never to be shown. "They will not be fired," our briefing officer told us, "until World War III."

We were shortly to be rewarded, though, by another function of the guided missile defending New York. A young woman in red velvet cocktail dress under a fur coat stepped out of an Army bus, one of the rockets was lowered to a lateral position, the young woman was lifted on top of it, her coat removed, and her legs adjusted for maximum exposure. Galvanized into action, ten news photographers shot her with her pony tail flying and her grimace frozen as the less appreciative muttered "Miss-Guided Miss" or shook their heads at the inanity of public relations. The lady was there to advertise the 1956 Career and Job Show at the 71st Regiment Armory, which in turn will show a Nike. Get it?

Once Miss Career '56 was hustled off, presumably to thaw, the officers in charge were assailed by such impolite questions as "How do you know they'll work if you never try 'em out?" and "Do they ever miss?" and "What would happen in a low-level saturation raid?" The answers were: "They work"; "Sometimes"; and "Well, some of the planes would get through."

"After all," said one officer, "the Nike is the last defense . . . you might say the last ditch." In our own extremity, we were inclined to agree.

Square Peg

"The Supreme Court has perpetrated a monstrous crime."

"Such a record obviously reveals an irresponsible Court. I think it shows an incompetent Court."

"Our Court has been indoctrinated and brain washed by left-wing pressure groups."

The Senator who made these remarks is James O. Eastland (D., Mississippi). He has made others that reflect not simply disagreement with a Supreme Court decision but defiance of the Court's authority. ("To do the things which the Court is attempting to do . . . will justly cause . . . evasion and violation of law . . .") His colleagues have now elevated him to the chairmanship of the Senate Judiciary Committee.

This committee passes on all nominations to the Federal courts, including the Supreme Court—all the judges, that is, who will be making decisions on the issues on which the Senator has denounced the courts. It also deals with nominations in the Department of Justice, of all United States district attorneys and marshals, and other positions that prosecute under the laws of the United States—for example, to choose an instance not altogether at random, under any laws that might be passed about integration of the schools. It handles all legislation dealing with the criminal code, the Federal courts, and laws implementing the Bill of Rights, all legislation dealing with immigration and citizenship, and most legislation on civil liberties and civil rights; it handles more than half of the legislation that is submitted to the Senate. The chairman of this committee can be one of the most powerful men not only in the Senate but in Washington and the world: It was from this post that the late Senator Pat McCarran ruled his remarkable Hispano-Nevadan empire.

WHAT QUALIFICATIONS has Senator Eastland to come into the chairmanship of this committee? Would it be the adroit way he led its Internal Security Subcommittee to investigate the press, so that many observers charged that he was trying to "get" the New York *Times*? Could it be the judicious remarks he has made about current problems: "We will protect and maintain white supremacy throughout eternity." . . . "The Negro race is an inferior race." . . . "New York, for all practical purposes, is a Communist state." Is it his role as a chief organizer, speaker, and symbol of the intransigent white Citizens Councils of the South?

His qualifications are simply this: He has seniority.

Glowing Words

A few doughty natives of New Hampshire, no doubt determined to make a good thing this time out of the quadrennial election-year invasion of their state, have marketed a truck for political use called the "Glow Wagon." Those who have seen it report that it is an eerie thing, gaudily neon-lighted, with abundant billboard space for the candidate's picture, slogans, etc. It has an illuminated electric clock and several shades of luminous paint, and can go

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sixty-five miles an hour over rough roads. There is also a device for preserving the neon lighting despite hitches and halts of rough campaign usage. Charles Tobey, Jr., son of the late Senator, is a co-owner of the Glow Wagon, which was invented by an electrical engineer in Pembroke, New Hampshire. Candidate Kefauver has been the first to procure its services, and its owners hope there will be many others to follow.

AMONG its features, the Glow Wagon has a hi-fi amplifier system, good either for fine music or fine campaign promises. There is no guarantee, of course, that the candidates aboard will display equally high fidelity.

Not for Export

The International Labor Organization, a specialized agency of the U.N., holds a conference every June in Geneva. The United States sends four representatives: one from labor, one from employer groups, and two from government. William L. McGrath, president of the Williamson Heater Company of Cincinnati, was the employer representative to the conferences of 1954 and 1955, and now he gives his opinion of them in the March issue of *Facts Forum News*.

To Mr. McGrath, the ILO "has for years been the breeding ground of international socialistic legislation . . . I have sometimes said that the main purpose of the ILO is that of trying to substitute government for God." It was bad enough, he says, when the organization was controlled by misguided European Socialists. In 1954 the Communists moved back into the ILO, which they had boycotted since 1937, and in 1955 they got on some committees. This was too much; Mr. McGrath boycotted all committee meetings. "The Communists now have a good chance of taking over not only the propaganda aspect of the ILO, but a good share of its over-all operation." At the conference that adopted the 1955 ILO budget, it was Mr. McGrath who cast the single nay against 197 yeas.

Our government and labor delegates went along with the re-entry of the Communists. But Mr. McGrath insists that the United States stop participating in the work of the ILO unless the Communist delegates are kicked out. And he doesn't think they will be kicked out because, says he, "when you get right down to it—what is the difference between a Communist and a Socialist? . . . when it comes to matters of basic principle, *both of them go right down the same line.*"

American business has chosen Mr. McGrath as its spokesman. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers jointly nominate the U.S. employer delegate, and the government accepts the nomination. We asked Arnold Zemple of the Department of Labor if the government ever balks at the choices. He's been there since the war and he has never heard of its happening.

The presidents and high officers of the N.A.M. and the Chamber of Commerce are again due to choose the man who, in effect, will represent American management before one of its most important international audiences. It seems obvious to us that Mr. McGrath, who can see no difference between Socialism and Communism, can hardly be an effective salesman of our economic system. Indeed, in 1955, the American labor delegate, George P. Delaney, said Mr. McGrath's statements confirmed "allegations that he is the biggest asset the Russians have at this conference."

The Co-ordinated Nudge

It was surely not an accident that two of free Europe's leading spokesmen, Italy's President Gronchi and French Foreign Minister Pineau, should have pronounced within a few days almost the same line of criticism of western and particularly of American policy. What they were saying—Pineau very sharply though extemporaneously in Paris and Gronchi more diplomatically during his visit to Washington—reflected a common point of view held by many men of related intellectual background up and down the continent of Europe, and it seems bent on losing no time in making itself heard in 1956.

Both leaders leveled their shafts especially at the present concept of NATO and the idea that Communism can be resisted primarily by military alliances. The western powers, said M. Pineau, had committed "the enormous error" of thinking about military security only, while Moscow talked constantly of peace and now goes about offering economic aid. President Gronchi, speaking before our Congress, asked that NATO be "brought into line" with today's realities and "supplemented with new and imaginative forms of cooperation."

To both men the clear imperative of the moment is closer European co-operation in the economic field above all, with a de-emphasis on armament. The spirit they breathe is the same as has gone into the newest program brought forth by the "European movement" under the leadership of Jean Monnet, namely the proposal for the supranational atomic-energy pool, "Euratom." (See page 36.)

IT IS a spirit compounded of multiple factors, including the Socialist background of a large proportion of its adherents, a certain degree of neutralism in many, and a high charge of impatience and frustration with what it sees as the menacing rigidity of sheer power blocs. This Third Force, weakest when the immediate needs of sheer military strength were at their highest, tends to grow stronger as these recede, or at least as the Communist camp changes its ground. Its impulse toward disarmament and Socialist collaboration fills many Americans with mistrust, and this could lead to a widening of the gap between us and the Continent.

Yet if we read its meaning more carefully, perhaps it could on the other hand help close that gap. For what critics like Gronchi and Pineau really are saying to us is that we would do well to be more flexible, more ready to recognize and deal with change. It is what many people at home who cannot possibly be called Socialist-tainted have been saying too. Even President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles in recent press conferences have conceded the need for a certain amount of modernization of American posture and footwork.

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Hoist . . .

A little less than three years ago, looking north at the French Republic which he had never liked anyway and south at the Morocco where he had first made his reputation as a soldier, Generalissimo Francisco Franco detected a big opportunity. France had gotten itself into an imbroglio with the Moroccans under its suzerainty by deposing their nationalist Sultan, Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef, when he got too rambunctious.

The Sultan's intermediate authority had extended also into the northern fringe of Morocco controlled by Spain. What could be more natural, then, than for Madrid to protest his dismissal, to refuse to acknowledge the substitute Sultan enthroned by the French, and to encourage all Arab resistance against the dictates of Paris, invoking the classic claim of Islam in the western world? It might, the Franco government reasoned, at least make trouble for the French.

Last winter, harried by the upsurge of knife-wielding, bomb-throwing Moroccan nationalism that neighbor Franco had helped foment, a France sorely beset also in Algeria and Tunis gave in and restored Ben Youssef to the throne, and this month granted full freedom to its Moroccan protectorate. Franco had won: Paris was humbled.

Yet there was one hitch in this. The Moroccans demanded from Spain the same independence they had won from France. Madrid had not counted on that. The Moroccans of Spanish-controlled Tetuan went so far as to demonstrate. Spanish authorities, who may allow no popular expressions anywhere save those sanctioned by the régime, were regrettably forced to shoot. Today, in place of a studiously fomented rebellious situation in French Morocco, the seat of insurgence lies in the area protected by Spain, the friend of Islam.

Moral of the story: When you inflame nationalism these days, thinking that thereby you may cleverly do in your neighbor, you may next find it igniting your own house. The moral seems applicable to the Middle East and the Far East too. Moscow and Peking please note.

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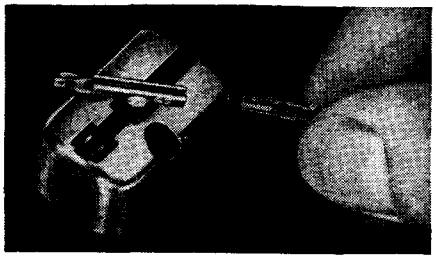

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LEAVING THE FARM

To the Editor: I enjoyed Dale Kramer's history of Herb Ring ("200 Acres in Iowa: 'We Need Help Right Now,'" *The Reporter,* February 9), and I am not insensitive to the reference he made in regard to my part in spreading our cause and the justice of our undertaking.

The logical conclusion we must reach is that Benson was hired to force agriculture back to the old law of supply and demand (no other industry is on that basis), and in the distance we can see syndicated corporation-owned farms and the destruction of the yeoman type of farm citizenship. This I intend to resist with all my might.

DAN W. TURNER
Corning, Iowa

To the Editor: Dale Kramer's article is an excellent exposition of a rapidly developing condition that threatens the economic structure of the nation. I have been dismayed that the so-called informed publications have either ignored this threat or treated it with misinformed bias.

HAROLD P. NORBECK
Redfield, South Dakota

To the Editor: I am one of those thousands of small farmers squeezed off the soil by a combination of conditions, most of them beyond our control. We of the National Farmers Organization are doing all in our power to get the legislation necessary to save American agriculture from passing into the hands of large corporations. We feel that this is a social problem, a dangerous social problem because this exodus of the small farmer from his land weakens the very foundations of our democracy. We realize, of course, that modern technology has inevitably made the smaller farm an uneconomic unit in a good many cases, but I feel that eventual decentralization of industry, specialization on the small farm, and on the whole a more sympathetic attitude from the Department of Agriculture can to a large extent keep that man and his family out in the country.

I am sending you some thoughts that I jotted down the night that I had my sale. They are entitled "As I Am Leaving the Farm." Perhaps they will give you an insight into the ideas and thoughts that run through the minds of us who have been or are being squeezed off the land:

"TODAY you sold out. Now the crowd has gone and you have loaded the last reluctant cow and stubborn hog out to their various destinations. As the last truck load pulls out of the driveway into the road, you lean up against the darkened, strangely silent barn and smoke thoughtfully.

"Somehow you dread going into the house; the kids, not too long home from school, will be noisily asking questions about the sale, questions you don't care to answer. The whole family will be discussing the move to town, a move you hate to think about. You pull your collar a little higher around your ears and hunker down on the lee side of the barn, out of the gusty wind—to think.

"A confused jumble of thoughts runs through your head. 'Where did I fail? Surely not from lack of hard work.' You think of the backbreaking years of toil you and your wife spent. Lack of management? Maybe you could have managed better, but you were always counted a good farmer. You loved the soil and tended it carefully.

"Your mouth twists bitterly as you contemplate the fate of those fields. The man who will farm your land next year has merely added your little 160 to his already extensive holdings, and a vision of your farmstead, deserted and weed-grown, flits through your mind's eye. The new operator is also a firm believer in straight rows; you sadly contemplate the fate of your terraced fields and grassed waterways.

"What in the devil are you going to do in town? You can slop hogs and milk cows, but Omaha doesn't seem to have any demand for those skills. Also you have come to realize that you are a lot older than you thought you were. Seems like forty-five is ten years too old to be worth a darn for anything as far as getting a job is concerned. You think of the future with a deep, aching fear. You can't help it.

"You turn the yard light on. You feel that somehow it will make the silent barn and empty lofts less lonely. You make the rounds closing the open doors and widely flung gates. There's nothing left to get out, but habit is strong.

"You look across the driveway to the crib. In the glare of the yard light, the different-colored sale bills, tacked up there today, stand out strangely. There they hang, an even dozen of them, stuck up there by fellow farmers, each one bearing that pathetic heading "As I Am Leaving the Farm . . ." You gaze at those brightly colored scraps of cardboard. Some of the names on them are men you know, men like yourself, being torn from the soil they loved and have cherished, to be thrown into a strange and unfriendly environment. Men whose dreams and hopes withered with their crops the last two drought-stricken years, and who now, like you, will be walking city pavements when the bluegrass greens the hills next spring. You can't help but wonder about the bright boys; those boys whose heads are full of statistics rather than brains; whose answer to the farm problem is 'Get rid of the small inefficient farmer.' You wonder how they'd feel if they were in your shoes.

"You're getting cold so you start slowly toward the house. Under the yard-light pole lies one of your sale bills. Your own name in big letters at the bottom looks strange. You walk up to it and idly turn it over with your foot. A gust of wind grabs it and away it goes, across the driveway into the road to disappear in a cloud of dust—into the cold, windy dark."

ELDON (ZEKE) ROBERTS
National Farmers Organization
Corning, Iowa

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THE EMPTY ROOM

To the Editor: Probably the best sermon I have read this year was Marya Mannes's meditation on the Meditation Room in the United Nations Building (*The Reporter*, February 23). Probably a better way of expressing my appreciation of the article would be to say that it was a sermon that was *experienced*, rather than read. The barrenness of that empty room is frightening —as frightening as the sophisticated, well-intentioned, empty tolerance that is our modern *Weltanschauung*. Never have I appreciated the value of symbols more than during the time I spent in that terrifyingly perfect and logical room.

You have done what we clergymen so infrequently do: You have seen and communicated the truth. Thank you!

REV. THOMAS LEAMON
Cincinnati

JOBS FOR OLDER MEN

To the Editor: The picture painted in the anonymous article "An Old Man Finds a Job" (*The Reporter*, February 23) is real. In our day-to-day relations with the older worker we often see him making major concessions in order to obtain a job. He accepts a downgrading of salary, skill, and prestige.

Employers tend to place the accent on youth in their hiring practices. Many reasons are given for these now outmoded practices.

As an agency we have called for objective investigation into these stated reasons for the rejection of the older worker. Answers are needed in many areas. For example, do pension plans militate against the hiring of the mature worker? Do Workmen's Compensation costs rise as the age level of a plant's work force increases? Are older workers less efficient?

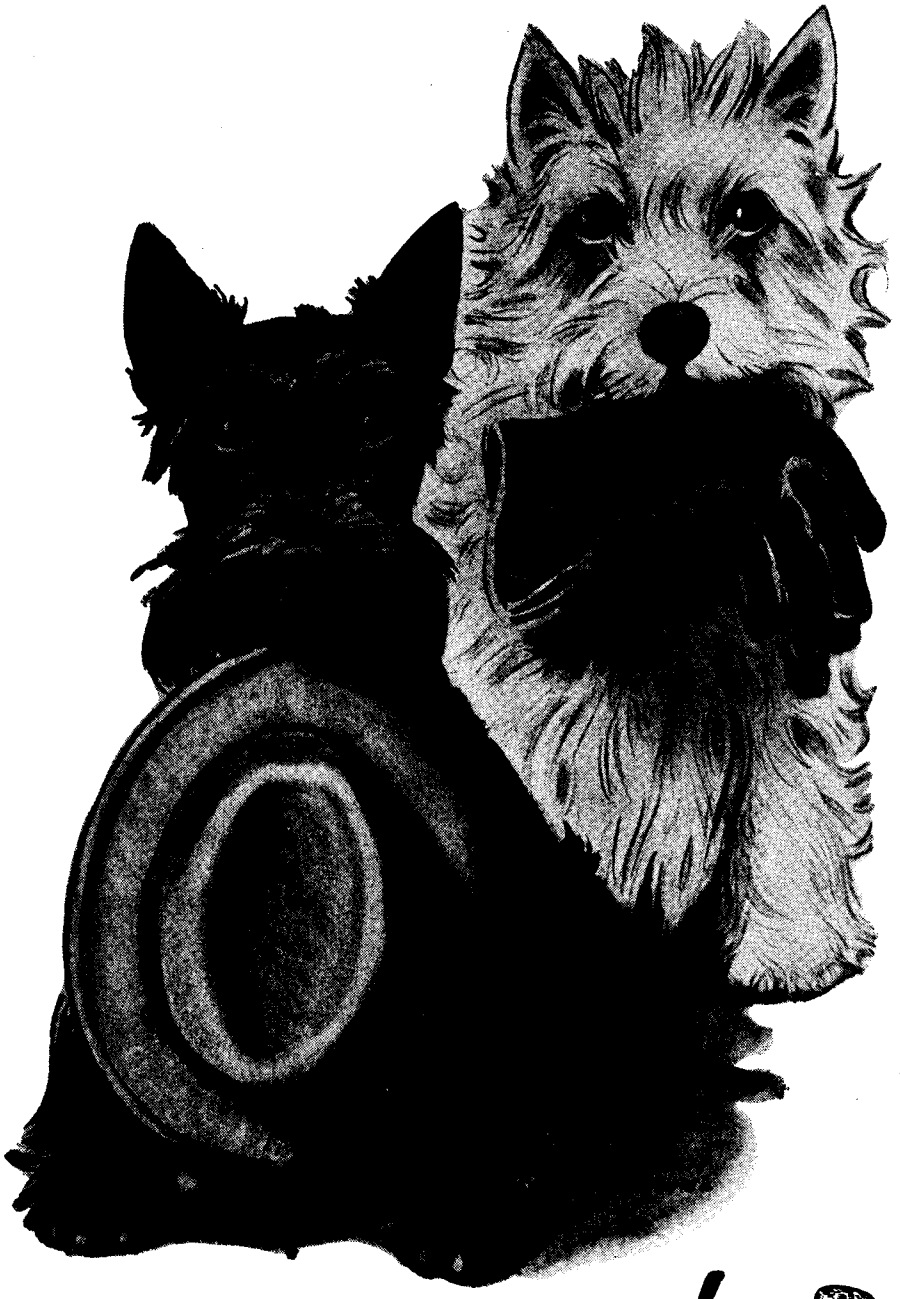
There is a growing body of opinion that older workers are effective workers; that their skills and experience are needed for the full development of our economy. Age discrimination in hiring does not only affect the elderly. Often it affects persons in their middle years, when they are in the prime of life with peak family responsibilities.

IRVING BARSHOP
Supervisor of Placement
Federation Employment and Guidance Service
New York

To the Editor: The author has clearly delineated many of the emotional conflicts that beset the older person who feels that he no longer belongs to society.

The members of the Mayor's Advisory Committee will certainly agree that finding employment does not solve all of the problems of the senior citizen. For seven years the Committee has been engaged in initiating or stimulating the establishment of resources in New York City whereby older people can enrich their daily lives.

V. CHARLOTTE ARTHIER,
Director
Bureau of Special Services
Mayor's Advisory Committee for the Aged
New York



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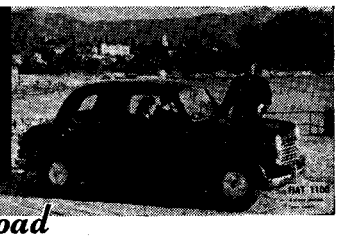

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

MR. EISENHOWER'S announcement of his intention to run again raises not only the problem of his physical fitness but also that of his political fitness for the office of President. Except for Republican National Chairman Leonard Hall, everyone in the country, led by the President himself, agrees that health is a legitimate issue of the campaign. The first of *The Reporter's* "Notes" examines this extraordinary situation in which the private life of one man —from his emotional reactions to the most minute details of his health— becomes a matter of grave public concern.

In facing the second problem, that of the President's political fitness, **Sidney Hyman** looks over the best evidence that is available—the President's own record before his heart attack. Mr. Hyman, author of *The American President* and a recognized authority on the Presidency, plots Mr. Eisenhower's position between the two extremes in the historical pattern of the Presidency—the first in which a chief magistrate absorbs and registers the pressures that are brought to bear on a course set by others, the second in which the executive leader himself sets the course and tries to make others follow.

The tentative quality of Mr. Eisenhower's announcement and of his ideas about his own tenure of office makes **Eric Sevareid's** views on Vice-President Nixon's future highly pertinent.

WE PUBLISH a verbatim interview with William Faulkner in the belief that it is a document of great importance, revealing the terrible tensions that mounting racial conflict in the South are putting on those Southerners of good will who have always stood strongly against racial injustice. Mr. Faulkner sounds a warning that must be taken into account even by those who disagree with him. **Russell Warren Howe,** New York correspondent for the London *Sunday Times,* is the author of a forthcoming book, *Negro.*

The Reporter is extremely interested in all the recent attempts to codify and enforce national ethics. (See William Harlan Hale's article on the Defense Department's "Militant Liberty" program in our issue of February 9, 1956.) **William Lee Miller's** criticism of the trend toward instilling a sort of interdenominational religiosity in our public schools is prompted not only by his concern for education but even more by his concern for religion. Mr. Miller, a member of our staff, is also an ordained minister.

We have been reading a lot recently about the internal troubles of the British Conservative Party. **Hugh Massingham,** who is with the London *Observer,* appraises the internal troubles of the Labour Party.

Isaac Deutscher, a regular contributor on Soviet policy and author of *The Prophet Armed: Trotsky,* offers an interpretation of last month's Communist Party Congress in Moscow that is in at least partial agreement with Secretary Dulles's recent pronouncements about the "powerful liberalizing trends" that are beginning to appear in the Soviet Union. But it is more than doubtful that the changes have been a direct result of the Secretary's policies; the danger is that while Mr. Dulles has been mounting largely unusable military alliances, the Russians have very effectively switched the struggle to quite a different battleground.

André Fontaine, diplomatic correspondent of *Le Monde,* describes what may be the last hope for some kind of European integration.

Gordon A. Craig, professor of history at Princeton, continues our coverage of the difficulties being encountered in the efforts to bring West Germany into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Mark Van Doren, poet, critic, short-story writer, and anthologist, is a professor of English at Columbia.

Roland Gelatt, New York Editor of *High Fidelity,* wrote *The Fabulous Phonograph.*

Our cover, an impression of Washington, is by **Don Higgins.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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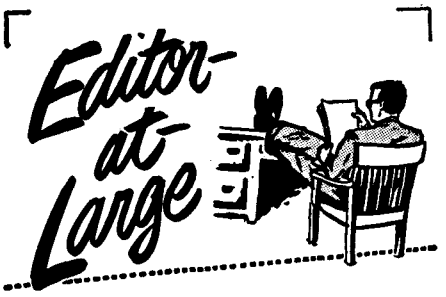

A reference book has many uses: with one you may settle an argument, write a letter or a term paper or a book, or even (if your conscience will let you) complete a crossword puzzle.

But a reference book is seldom anything you want to sit down and read consecutively, and (except, perhaps, when it helps you win a bet) a reference book is seldom exciting reading.

Yet I have just been reading one for which "exciting" is the best word. It is "Years of Trial and Hope," second volume of the Memoirs by Harry S. Truman.

Of course, it wasn't written as a reference book. It is history of the most personal kind – of the years from 1945 to the end of Mr. Truman's second term.

Writing from a unique point of view (that of the man in the White House), Mr. Truman discusses, among other things, the China situation, the Berlin Airlift, the Marshall Plan, Point Four, atomic energy, the Korean War and the 1948 and 1952 campaigns. He gives his impressions and opinions of such men as Bernard Baruch, Generals Eisenhower, MacArthur and Marshall, Clement Attlee, Adlai Stevenson and Averell Harriman.

Publication of a history like this by a former President of the United States is in a way history-making itself. It is a book that belongs in the home of every thoughtful American.

And it is a book you will want to refer to – whether angrily to confound your opponents or triumphantly to delight your friends – many times.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Memoirs by Harry S. Truman," two volumes, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue. Volume I is entitled "Year of Decisions," and Volume II, just published, is "Years of Trial and Hope." Each volume costs $5.00 and copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops. Volumes I and II are the March selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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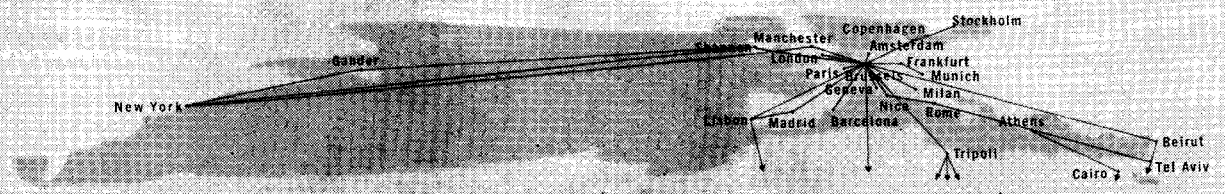

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Eisenhower's Presidency —the Known and the Foreseeable

SIDNEY HYMAN

IN PRESIDENTIAL campaigns, we argue about all things on the earth and in the sky that might be embraced by the word "policies." But we rarely argue about the nature of the decision-making medium through which those policies must eventually be handled. That is, we rarely argue about the structural form of the Presidency itself: how it should function as an office and as an institution.

If the 1956 campaign differs in this respect from all preceding ones, if the nature of the American Presidency and the rival views that can be held about it today play a major part in the election discussions ahead, the cause will lie in three challenges implicit in Mr. Eisenhower's bid for a second term. Put in the form of questions, they are these:

First, since he means to run on his record, what kind of a Presidency did Mr. Eisenhower offer the nation in the period before his heart attack? Second, since he has now scaled down the Presidency to the size the doctors decree, what kind of a Presidency can he offer in the four years ahead? And third, is that kind of Presidency, now visible in silhouette, one that is suited to the needs of the nation?

IN A CATCHALL view of the Eisenhower years, the one salient detail that strikes the eye is the character of General Eisenhower's farewell to the students of Columbia University in January, 1953. Speaking on the eve of his departure for his Inaugural in Washington, he recounted to them the many surprising turns in his life, and in particular how each of his postwar plans for rural quiet or academic peace was upset by the intrusion of forces calling him to new public duties. Then he drew a moral about fate and freedom.

"In this life," he said, "you don't know what's around the corner." That being the case, how should a person bear himself? "Maybe this is the result of military training," he answered, "but don't plan anything too carefully." More important than the plan was the posture of confidence—"confidence that you can meet the problem of the day as it comes up."

Today, a little over three years later, there is this classic irony: that the man who knew that surprising things lay around the corner—and who therefore backed away from planning anything too carefully—must now plan the most minute details of his own physical existence. There is, additionally, this ground for bewilderment: that the same man now asks the country to believe that no further surprises will appear around the corner for the next five years.

Buchananism

At the outset of his Presidency, Mr. Eisenhower had the shape of his Administration planned for him by the pressures of outside forces, among them the inheritance of the Long Presidency of Roosevelt and Truman, the character of his own party, and the conditions of his election victory. The extent of his own contribution to the plan, such as it was, was to create a pneumatic layer that

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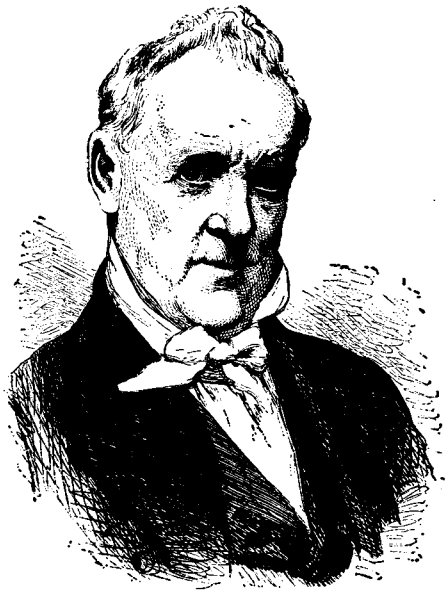
could keep his personal cause buoyant, regardless of what happened in other places.

What this meant was a Buchanan type of Presidency. Its emphasis was legalistic. Its concern was more with form than with substance. Its interests were those of a civil-service reformer and chief of state rather than of a social-policy innovator or a patriot king leading troops into battle. Its watchwords were order, efficiency, honesty, decorum, piety, and one hundred cents out of every dollar that was spent.

In that first year of Buchananism, Mr. Eisenhower's Presidency was presented almost exclusively in terms of an office built to the specifications of a written Constitution. It was divorced from the controversial earth. It had little taste for conflict and little humor about it. Its center of gravity and the movement of its parts lay almost wholly within a tight legal circuit involving Congress and the Supreme Court. Nor within that circuit was there any conception of a Presidency as the main powerhouse for national effort. The President, by a vaunted self-denying ordinance, held to the rule that his chief aim was "to co-operate" with Congress and to "get along with it."

But as always happens under Buchananism, Congressional government ran riot. There was a weird extravaganza led by Senator Joseph McCarthy that disrupted the whole process of orderly government. Via Congressional investigations, legislators reached into the Executive Branch to dictate policy on foreign affairs; to make a political football of the military establishment; to punish by adverse publicity those men who were guilty of no crime punishable by law or which could be made punishable by law under the Constitution; and to try boldly to make the Republican Party their personal instrument.

Meanwhile, the Executive moved in a bewildering pattern of fits and starts. It threatened to "unleash" Chiang, and then wondered how to free itself from his "unleashing." It signed a Korean armistice on terms its chief officers had bitterly criticized when the same terms were presented to the Truman Administration. It held aloft the paramount standard of national interest yet signed the offshore-oil bill, which gave a rich portion of the national patrimony away to a handful of states, and to a handful of men within those states. At the same time, a



Buchanan

revival of social ceremony at the White House was explained in terms of its contribution to restoring the "dignity of the Presidency"; and concurrently with this, the President grew increasingly conspicuous in his role as the head of a great religious revival that began to sweep the country.

Lincolnianism

There was in this period an occasional flash of a different kind of Presidency, more in the Lincolnian than in the Buchanan tradition. The first spectacular example of it was the profoundly moving bid for peace Mr. Eisenhower made soon after Stalin's death in the early spring of 1953. The second, of more far-reaching importance, was the President's appearance at the end of the year before the United Nations to urge the major powers to cooperate in the peacetime development of atomic energy. Yet these were exceptions to the main drift of his Administration.

To place the full center of his gravity in the Lincolnian tradition, President Eisenhower would have had to be either what the hour did not permit him to be or what his temperament prevented him from being. Why so? A Lincolnian Presidency is political in emphasis. It is concerned more with substance than with form. The manner of a Lincolnian President is highly articulate, highly argumentative, often spendthrift, often passionate and willful, and always open to the charge that the President is bent on a "naked usurpation of power."

Lincolnianism, furthermore, sees the Presidency as being something more than an office rooted in law, and involving something more than a "Chief Executive." It makes the President the nation's first legislator, the sum of its political consciousness, and the embodiment of such consciousness. He not only has a will to decide; he holds himself to a primary responsibility for the consequences of his decision. For Lincolnianism puts the Presidency on a plane of its own in direct view of the people, and in a direct, two-way contact with their hopes and despairs.

This does not mean that it also places the Presidency on a plane above Congress. It asserts, rather, that the Presidency is coequal with Congress. Precisely for that reason, in its view, he has not only a right but a positive duty to contend with Congress in those areas where the two hold overlapping Constitutional mandates. In that contest, additionally, the Lincolnian concept of the Presidency commits itself to the fact that the democratic experience is a highly challenging, supremely demanding, often high adventure, that the very nature of this drama requires the use of words in ways that will bring them and the actors using them into closer touch with the realities they represent—that the actor, while acting, must reflect upon himself acting, must see and see himself seeing, must perform his role and meditate on the nature of the role.

This is what the Long Presidency had been like; and this, having apparently been repudiated in 1952, was a style whose imitation the people seemed to have forbidden the victor. Nor in doing so can the people be censured. The Long Presidency had represented a radical departure from the rhythm of our

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history. Always before, a thrust forward under strong executive leadership had lasted no more than eight years, followed by breathing spells of varying length.

But under the Long Presidency there was no such breathing spell. There were twenty years of sustained exertion in coping with the problems of an acute depression, a global war, and the containment of Soviet attempts at world domination, including the Korean War. Time and again, it was as though the messenger from Marathon had reached the last hill before Athens after a lung-bursting twenty-two-mile run only to find that Athens had moved twenty-two miles farther away, and that the run had to be resumed.

SINCE IT WAS the White House that called for repeated new exertions in this long period, it became the focal point of every disappointed hope. In time, there were enough of these to give rise to the argument that the White House itself was the cause for all that went wrong; and that if it were somehow removed from

Lincoln

the scene, everything would subside.

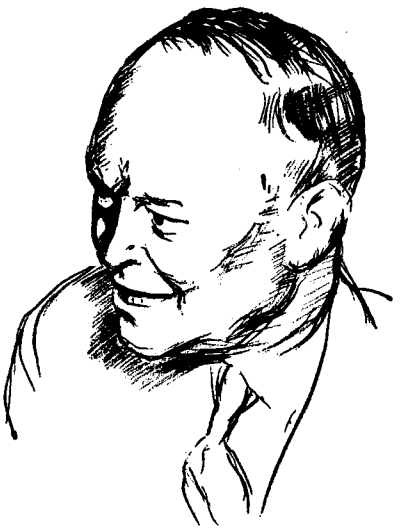
Nor were the Republicans blind to this opportunity. Since they had been denied access to the White House for twenty years, only the Congressional forum remained for them as a place from which they could vie with the Presidency for command of the national mind. In Congress they could attack not only the substance of social policies identified with Roosevelt and Truman but their Administration as well. Here too they could say that the demands on the nation would be lessened if only our Constitutional balance were restored, if only an end were put to "executive usurpations of power" and Congress retained its rightful authority in the management of the nation's affairs.

The Image of Leadership

All this formed the theme of the 1952 Republican campaign. It was a campaign in which language itself was skillfully and systematically drained of all meaning so that it could suit a national mind weary of strife and politics. In this campaign, the Republicans offered, paradoxically, a pillbox theory of government: a theory that poses fixed force against fixed force, demands unconditional surrender of something or other, is committed to absolute commitments against allegedly absolute evils; a theory also that entrusts the attack to one man alone who is supposed to offer the image—no more than the image—of leadership. General Eisenhower, whatever his private view, embraced this paradox as a condition for his election.

AS THE VICTOR, Mr. Eisenhower was extraordinary. Save for Washington and Grant, he was the only President-elect who came to the executive chair with his place in history already won. The fame the others won came to them *as* Presidents. This meant that they had to identify themselves with forces in motion and give them a distinctly personal stamp. But to one in General Eisenhower's position, the Presidency offered little prospect for vast new luster. Instead there was the danger, as in Grant's case, of tarnishing the luster that had already been won in a different station.

How then could a man gather such added laurels as lay in being President and yet avoid the fate of Grant? The solution appeared to be in using the Presidency to the end of having things "not happen"; or of so bearing himself that if they did happen, any adversity could be traced to a source outside the President himself. And what were those sources? First of all, there was Congress. Second, there was the opposition party. Third, there was the Republican Party. Fourth, there were the individual members of the Cabinet.



Eisenhower

The act of disconnection from all four of these sources that could make events "happen" required a rationale of some sort. And Buchananism not only served this need; it was a protective cover for other needs as well. Through it, the President could both disconnect himself from the clamorous experiences of the Long Presidency and appear to respect the 1952 Republican campaign dogma about "restoring Congress to its rightful place in government."

Back to Whom?

Yet there were problems. Having turned his back on the recent history of the Presidency, he still needed an apostolic line of Presidential succession in which he could locate himself. The post-First World War offerings of his party—Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover—were not very promising. For a while, there was some hope in attaching himself to the figure of Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Eisenhower tried this out in the course of dedicating the Theodore Roosevelt home at Oyster Bay, New York, as a national shrine. Yet T.R., after all, had left the Republican Party. He was still anathema to the Republican faithful. He had strewn the political literature of the country with too many references to his battles with

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Truman

Congress and too many blistering replies to talk about "Executive usurpation of power." All this required far too much editing of history if a connection with him could be convincing and comfortable.

Whereupon all further references to T.R. gradually disappeared from General Eisenhower's speeches. But who could serve in his stead? Abraham Lincoln, the hero of our greatest secular passion play, now was drawn in as the official ancestor of the Eisenhower Presidency. It is not to be inferred that this was a Madison Avenue suggestion. The man who could tell a meeting of Republican leaders in Denver shortly before his heart attack, "For heaven's sake, don't forget the utility of a smile," had no need for outside advice on the art of mass appeal. He is, in fact, one of the shrewdest practitioners of that art this country has ever produced. For he knows above all other things that self-abnegation, especially when it is present in a military figure, is a far better road to power than any traveled by a Nietzschean "will to power."

WHAT the public got was not a Lincolnian Presidency as it has been set forth in these passages. The object of inspiration was not the hard, infighting Lincoln—but the man of compassion, the great sufferer, the man of infinite patience and charity, who forgave all evildoers. This version was particularly adhered to after the President's illness.

The first time the technique was used was at the beginning of the Army-McCarthy hearings, when the President was visiting Lincoln's Kentucky birthplace. It was there that he employed the figure of Lincoln to the end of justifying his own refusal to intervene personally and order a halt to Senator McCarthy's malignant forays against the Army and every other conservative institution in the land.

Subsequently, on being informed that a grievous wrong had been committed by any high officer of his Administration—from the Vice-President on down—it was characteristic of the President to remark after the event that he "would not have done it that way." But such fruits for his Administration as were harvested by the wrong were never turned down.

It is claimed, nevertheless, that by a well thought-out plan of patience and forbearance, Mr. Eisenhower isolated or quieted the frenetic members of his own party. This claim, so widely made, is demonstrably false. What quieted those members was the Republican defeat in the Congressional elections of 1954. Until then, the President had stood to one side for twenty-one months while Republican chairmen of Congressional committees went on a rampage. And it was only when those chairmanships passed into Democratic hands that the rioting ceased and order was restored in government—an order that now redounds to the credit of Mr. Eisenhower, though he warned the country in the course of the Congressional election that a Democratic victory would mean a "cold war" that could paralyze the whole government.

WITH the Democratic victory in 1954, the Eisenhower Presidency was able to veer away from its adherence to a rigid Buchananism, but it did not embrace full Lincolnianism. It is true enough that in one conspicuous case—the Quemoy and Matsu resolution—Lincolnianism was carried to an unprecedented length. That document, rammed down the throats of Congress, authorized the President to follow the dictates of his own conscience with respect to the issue of war and peace in the Formosa Strait and gave him a blank check such as neither Roosevelt nor Truman ever had.

But with this chief exception, on the eve of the President's heart attack the new center of gravity for his Administration lay somewhere in between Buchananism and Lincolnianism—that is, a Presidency whose power was sometimes used not to promote but to halt the trend of events. Eisenhower used this sort of veto power in endeavoring to check the trend of war. Seen in this light, the Summit meeting at Geneva represented a form of this veto—the veto, for the time being, of a threat of nuclear warfare. But it could not of its own force turn the flow of events around in the positive direction of removing the underlying causes of tensions or of exploiting the opportunities for "competitive coexistence" in post-Geneva days.

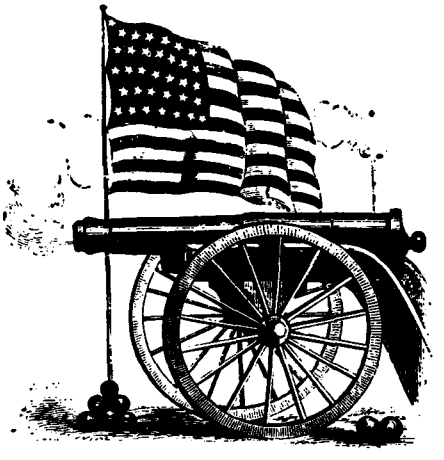
Back to Buchananism

There the matter rested when the President had his heart attack.

And now what?

The logic of another term for an Eisenhower Presidency would be to draw that Presidency squarely back into the Buchanan tradition. For the President could not be a brawler without endangering his health. He could not exercise a twenty-four-hour superintendency over the nation and the western alliance without a similar impairment of his health.

He could not lay down ground rules for all to follow and pay close attention to the way they were followed. He could not cope with the central fact of the mid-twentieth-



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century Presidency: that it has taken on the nature of the British Cabinet in that it holds the initiative in all legislation, while Parliament holds the true veto power. It takes far more energy to invent and initiate than it does to veto and negate. And it is highly questionable whether Mr. Eisenhower will prove equal to this sort of strain.

If not he, then who would hold the initiative? Perhaps the Cabinet as a collective entity. But this would saddle the country with four more years of doubt as to who really is to be blamed for miscarriages. The effects would be plain enough, but the location of blame—the one chief instrument the people have to ensure themselves responsible government—would continue to be passed around from high official to high official. Once the leaders of his party had used him for their election purposes, they would have no further reason to pay him much heed. They would, in all probability, reach out for powers that the President's nonperformance of his full job would lay open to them. Indeed, the likely result would be extreme Buchananism. Our governmental order would present a spectacle of men with great responsibilities and no active powers, and of other men with great active powers and no responsibilities. Is such a situation contributory to national strength in an hour when the Soviet world has launched and is making rapid headway with a new and massive diplomatic offensive?

The pose of confidence—"confidence that you can meet the problem of the day as it comes up"—has an engaging human appeal when it is applied to the life of an individual. Yet institutions, governments, and nations are something more than individuals. They need something more for survival than positional attitudes and reverential beatitudes. They need yes-or-no plans of action—not doctrinaire plans, but road maps showing where we are, where we are going, what to do about it, and how to do it. Confidence alone does not find the right road. What is wanted is provided for only by a President who understands, and who has the physical endurance to act on the understanding, that he is the Commander in Chief of our whole system for responsible power.

THE COMING CAMPAIGN

ERIC SEVAREID

In the backwash of Mr. Eisenhower's big announcement, Washington politicians are concerned with two immediate questions: the political fate of Mr. Nixon and the President's health as a campaign issue. As to the first, events are shaping faster than expected. Traditionally, Presidents running again decide on their running mates themselves. Mr. Eisenhower would not give an outright endorsement of Mr. Nixon to run with him again, saying in effect that that would be decided after *he* was nominated. That seemed to damage Mr. Nixon's prospects. But on March 1, the party chairman, Leonard Hall, said Mr. Nixon *will* be the Vice-Presidential nominee again. Reporters here have learned the hard way to pay more attention to Mr. Hall than to Mr. Eisenhower in discovering political realities, on the basis of a record that indicates Mr. Hall and his group always get their way with the President whenever the chips go down.

In 1954, the President said he was against intervening personally in the Congessional campaign. When the Hall group insisted he do it, he did it. In the same campaign the President said he was against making Communism in government an issue. Mr. Nixon went ahead and made it his own principal issue. The President was asked to write a letter approving Mr. Nixon's campaign efforts. He wrote the letter. The President was on record opposing politics in the civil service. His political lieutenants set up a system whereby names for civil-service jobs were funneled through the party's national headquarters. The President went along.

For weeks, the President expressed grave doubts that he would run again. The Hall group said he *would* run. He's running. Without inquiring into the inner reasons for Mr. Hall's remarkable record of success with the President in terms of prophecy and political tactics, the record is there. If, in spite of the President's implication of doubt, Mr. Hall says there is no doubt that Mr. Nixon will be on the ticket, many observers are not going to doubt it. They've learned their lesson.

Now the Vice-President issue and the health issue are intimately connected. Mr. Hall does not want the President's health to be an issue. His headquarters is starting to try to create a public-opinion climate which assumes that the risk of nonsurvival or the risk of a nonactive President is disposed of—that, in all such terms, it is perfectly safe to vote for Mr. Eisenhower *again*. They are out to create a public feeling that it is improper and low politics to question the President's physical fitness for the high office. Mr. Hall began this process by asserting: "The American people simply won't stand for tactics of that kind."

The Republican plan is to try to bury the health issue. Obviously the G.O.P. cannot drop Mr. Nixon from the ticket, even though aware that many voters who are for Eisenhower are *not* for Mr. Nixon as a possible President. For to drop Mr. Nixon would be to suggest a real concern that the President might not survive. It would make the President's health an indelible, inescapable issue.

Well, the Democratic headquarters has also made a basic strategic decision. It has decided to go full-throttle on the health issue, whatever Mr. Stevenson or Mr. Kefauver or Democratic Senators may say about it. They are trying to prevent Mr. Hall from getting the jump on them in terms of public attitudes, to prevent him, as they put it, from creating a public feeling that Mr. Eisenhower is strong enough to run but not strong enough to be criticized. They will argue that the President himself introduced the issue, made it plain his health *is* the paramount question. They claim the President is asking the voter to accept him as a part-time President. He is asking, these Democrats argue, for permission to transform the Presidency into something less than the Constitution envisaged or our history has supported—and entirely for reasons of health.

So the wraps are off. The lines are drawn for a strange, unprecedented battle for the mind of the voting public. If these lines hold, expect a remorseless battle, one side accused of low politics and alarmism, the other of hypocrisy and deliberate deception.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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A Talk With William Faulkner

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

On February 21, Mr. Howe, New York correspondent for the London Sunday Times, *interviewed William Faulkner on recent troubles in the South. Here is his report:*

"MY POSITION is this," said Mr. Faulkner. "My people owned slaves and the very obligation we have to take care of these people is morally bad. It is a position which is completely untenable. But I would wish now that the liberals would stop—they should let us sweat in our own fears for a little while. If we are pushed by the government we shall become an underdog people fighting back because we can do nothing else. Our position is wrong and untenable but it is not wise to keep an emotional people off balance.

"The Negroes have had ninety years of that sort of life and now that they are winning it would take a lot of wisdom to say 'Go slow.' Perhaps it is too much to ask of them, but it is for their own sake. I have known Negroes all my life and Negroes work my land for me. I know how they feel. But now I have people who say they are Negroes writing to me and saying, 'You mean well for us but please hush. You mean good but you do harm.' "

Q. WOULDN'T a "go slow" strategy lose some of the ground already gained?

A. I don't know. I try to think of this in the long-term view. Now, I grant you that it is bad that there should be a minority people who because of their color don't have a right to social equality or to justice. But it is bad that Americans should be fighting Americans. That is what will happen because the Southern whites are back in the spirit of 1860. There could easily be another Civil War and the South will be whipped again.

In the long view, the Negro race will vanish in three hundred years by intermarriage. It has happened to every racial minority everywhere, and it will happen here.

Q. What would be the best strategy for the liberals?

A. Let the people stop awhile. If that girl Autherine Lucy goes back to Alabama University . . . she will be killed. The N.A.A.C.P. should forget about Alabama University. It should send people now to the Universities of Georgia, Mississippi, and South Carolina and let them be thrown out of each of those places, too, until the white people of the South get so sick and tired of being harassed and worried they will have to do something about it. . . .

'The South Is Armed'

Q. Have you heard reports of arms buying in Tuscaloosa?

A. Yes. If that girl dies, two or three white men will be killed, then eight or nine Negroes. Then the troops will come in. You know, we've never had race riots in the South before. They've had race riots in the North but in the South we just have persecution.

The South is armed for revolt. After the Supreme Court decision [of May 17, 1954, on school integration] you couldn't get as much as a few rounds for a deer rifle in Mississippi. The gunsmiths were sold out. These white people will accept another Civil War knowing they're going to lose. If the North knew the South they would know that this is not a theory or a moral convention which they are up against but a simple fact. I know people who've never fired a gun in their lives but who've bought rifles and ammunition.

Q. How long do you think it will be before the concrete aspects of discrimination—in housing, employment, enfranchisement, education, social contacts—will have disappeared?

A. In the Deep South, I don't know. As it was, in fifteen years the Negroes would have had good schools. Then came the decision of the Supreme Court and that will mean probably twenty years of trouble. I think that decision put the position of the Negro in the South back five years.

Q. Does that mean that you disapprove of the Court decree?

A. I don't disapprove it. It had to be promulgated and it just repeated what was said in January, 1863. If white folks had given Negroes proper schools there would have been no need for the Court's decision.

The Negro in the Deep South doesn't want to mix with the white man. He likes his own school, his own church. Segregation doesn't have to imply inferiority.

'Take Off the Pressure'

Q. How would you re-educate the Southern white to a different way of thinking?

A. First of all, take off the pressure. Let him see just how untenable his position is. Let him see that people laugh at him. Just let him see how silly and foolish he looks. Give him time—don't force us. If that girl goes back to Tuscaloosa she will die. Then the top will blow off. The government will send in its troops and we shall be back at 1860. They must stop pushing these people. The trouble is the North doesn't know that country. They don't know the South will go to war.

Things have been getting better slowly for a long time. Only six Negroes were killed by whites in Mississippi last year, according to the police figures. The Supreme Court decree came ninety years too late. In 1863 it was a victory. In 1954 it was a tragedy. The same thing is happening in South Africa, in Algeria. People were too ignorant of their fellow man and they realized his equality too late. This

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whole thing is not a confrontation of ideologies but of white folks against folks not white. It is worldwide. We must win the Indians, the Malayans, the sixteen million Negro Americans and the rest to the white camp, make it worth their while.

Q. Apart from your advice to promising Southerners, white and black, to get their education out of the South, what would your advice to an ambitious Negro be—to get out of the South altogether?

A. No, he should stay in the South, where we need promising people, and be patient. Now is a time for calm, but that time will pass. The Negro has a right to equality. His equality is inevitable, an irresistible force, but as I see it you've got to take into consideration human nature, which at times has nothing to do with moral truths. Truth says this and the fact says that. A wise person says 'Let's use this fact. Let's obliterate this fact first.' To oppose a material fact with a moral truth is silly.

'I'll Choose Mississippi'

Q. The Negroes of Montgomery, the capital of Alabama, have been boycotting the city's busses since December 5. Do you think this sort of passive resistance is a good idea?

A. Yes, anything they do is good as long as they don't carry it too far. Today the white women of Montgomery have to go and fetch their Negro cooks by car. It is a good step, to let the white folks see that the world is looking on and laughing at them.

But I don't like enforced integration any more than I like enforced segregation. If I have to choose between the United States government and Mississippi, then I'll choose Mississippi. What I'm trying to do now is not have to make that decision. As long as there's a middle road, all right, I'll be on it. But if it came to fighting I'd fight for Mississippi against the United States even if it meant going out into the street and shooting Negroes. After all, I'm not going out to shoot Mississippians.

Q. You mean white Mississippians?

A. No, I said Mississippians—in Mississippi the problem isn't racial. Ninety per cent of the Negroes are on one side with the whites, against a handful like me who believe that equality is important.

Q. Some of your remarks could be interpreted as disapproval of the existence of militant Negro defense organizations. How do you feel about the N.A.A.C.P.?

A. That organization is necessary, but it must know when to let the opponent make the next move. Ninety years of oppression and injustice are there, but it is a lot for the white man to have to admit. It takes an extremely intelligent man to stop dead after ninety years of wrongdoing, and the Southerner isn't that intelligent. He has to feel that what he is doing (when he reforms) is not being forced on him but is spontaneous. We have to make it so that he feels that he is being not just honest but generous. Give him time—right now it's emotional and he'll fight because the country's against him.

Q. In the European press, "go slow" is criticized on the grounds that the susceptibilities of the persecuted deserve more consideration than the susceptibilities of the persecutor. How would you answer that criticism?

A. The European critics are right, morally, but there is something stronger in man than a moral condition. Man will do certain things whether they be right or wrong. We know that racial discrimination is morally bad, that it stinks, that it shouldn't exist, but it does. Should we obliterate the persecutor by acting in a way that we know will send him to his guns, or should we compromise and let it work out in time and save whatever good remains in those white people?

'The Negroes Are Right'

Q. If the position in the South was reversed and the Negroes formed a majority which had been persecuting and murdering a white minority for ninety years, would you still say "go slow" on reform?

A. Yes. Yes, I would. But the way we see it in the South, the way I see it, is that the Negro is in a majority, because he has the country behind him. He could have the support of the Federal army.

Q. Then you don't advise delays as an expedient because the Negro is outnumbered by over two to one in the South?

A. No. Take the case of Autherine Lucy. I say she shouldn't go back to Tuscaloosa not because she'll be one against a mob of two thousand—there'll be a hundred million Americans behind her—but because she'll be killed.

The Negroes are right—make sure you've got that—they're right. But March 1 at Tuscaloosa is not a moral condition, it's a question of fact. I've always been on their [the Negroes'] side, but if there's no middle ground, if people like me have got to choose, then I'm on the side of Mississippi.

I will go on saying that the Southerners are wrong and that their position is untenable, but if I have to make the same choice Robert E. Lee made then I'll make it. My grandfather had slaves and he must have known that it was wrong, but he fought in one of the first regiments raised by the Confederate Army, not in defense of his ethical position but to protect his native land from being invaded.

Q. Do you believe regional loyalty is a good quality?

A. Well, you must believe in something.

Q. What about your belief in the principles expressed in your books?

A. I shouldn't be betraying them. My Negro boys down on the plantation would fight against the North with me. If I say to them "Go get your shotguns, boys," they'll come.

Q. The churches are segregated in the South. Don't you think the churches could do much to improve the South by sticking to Christian principles?

A. They could do much more but they are afraid to open their mouths. The Catholics have made a few moves. . . .

Q. Is the basic cause of race prejudice economic, in your opinion?

A. Absolutely. To produce cotton we have to have a system of peonage. That is absolutely what is at the bottom of the situation.

Q. Are the psychological rationalizations for prejudice something grafted onto the economic root?

A. Yes. I would say that a planter who has a thousand acres wants to keep the Negro in a position of debt peonage and in order to do it he

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is going to tell the poor class of white folks that the Negro is going to violate his daughter. But all he wants at the back of it is a system of peonage to produce his cotton at the highest rate of profit.

Q. Do you see the basic problem as one of re-education?

A. Yes, whites and Negroes must be re-educated to the issue. The most important thing is good schools. The trouble is that Southern white people are not interested in schools. Only the Negro cares about education. If we had good schools we could get good teachers.

Q. Isn't it Utopian to hope for a high standard of schools in a rural community?

A. Yes, it's a Utopian dream, but it must be a good dream because there's always been someone to dream it.

'The Heritage of Man'

Q. Do you agree that the ambition spur provided by persecution has made the Negro potentially the more capable of the two "races" in the South?

A. Certainly. He's calmer, wiser, more stable than the white man. To have put up with this situation so long with so little violence shows a sort of greatness. Suppose two Negroes had murdered a white Emmett Till—there would have been a flood of emotionalism. The Negro rose above his anger. He knows that the problem [of his equality] will be solved because it must be. But these ignorant white people have got to be let alone so that they can think that they are changing on their own initiative.

The poor white man knows that although the Negro can only buy the worst land, has bad tools and inferior livestock, he can make a living better than white men could. With a little more social, economic, and educational equality the Negro will often be the landlord and the white man will be working for him. And the Negro won't come out on top because of anything to do with the race but because he has always gotten by without scope—when they are given scope they use it fully. The Negro is trained to do more than a white man can with the same limitations.

The vices that the Negro has have been created in him by the white man, by the system. He will make his own contribution to our society. Already his music and poetry have passed to the white man, and what the white man has done with them is not Negro any more but something else.

There is no such thing as an "Anglo-Saxon" heritage and an African heritage. There is the heritage of man. Nothing is extinct in any race, only dormant. You are brave and tough when you have to be. You are intelligent when the age demands it. There are all things in like degree in all races.

Q. How is it for a man like you to live in Mississippi?

A. I get a lot of insulting and threatening letters and telephone calls since I established my position. The tragic thing is that some of them come from Negroes. At least they say they're Negroes. It isn't just a solidarity of race—you get doctors and lawyers and preachers and newspaper editors and some Negroes too, all grouped against a few liberals like me. People phone me up to threaten my life at three or four in the morning—they're usually drunk by then.

Q. Do you carry a gun?

A. No. My friends say I ought to carry a pistol. But I don't think anyone will shoot me, it would cause too much of a stink. But the other liberals in my part of the country carry guns all the time.

The Fight Over America's Fourth 'R'

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

THE CURRENT religious revival is full of patriotism, and nowhere more urgently than in the effort to teach the "fourth R"—religion—in the public schools.

"These troubled times," declared the New York Board of Regents in 1954, ". . . call for the teaching of 'Piety and Virtue' in the schools, and of that dependence upon Almighty God so clearly recognized in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the Constitution of the State of New York, and in the pronouncements of the great leaders of our country." Just where the Federal Constitution so clearly recognizes dependence on Almighty God the Regents did not say, but in these troubled times that may not be the kind of question one should ask.

The Florida State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Thomas D. Bailey, last fall proposed a statewide plan to give religious training in the public schools, arguing that it is "impossible to teach democracy in a Godless atmosphere." At about the same time, in the godly atmosphere of Jersey City, former Mayor John V. Kenny proposed that lessons in Protestantism, Judaism, and Roman Catholicism be given to the appropriate children in the city's public schools. He said such a move would help to fight juvenile delinquency.

Back in 1951, W. Kingsland Macy, then one of the thirteen members of the New York Board of Regents, which has supervision over the public schools in the state, had a similar idea: He urged that successful completion of a course in religion be made a prerequisite for graduation. The reception given General MacArthur on his return showed that the nation wanted godliness, Mr. Macy said, and educators should "shift their emphasis from erudition to the teaching of true values . . ."

The 'Guiding Statement'

The most significant expression of this desire for piety and virtue in the schools is the development of a form of literature known as the "guiding statement" for teachers. The one for the Los Angeles schools, with a genial Southern Californian syncretism, starts off with versions of

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the Golden Rule from seven different religions, including Taoism, Sikhism, and Hinduism. The San Diego statement lists "the existence of God" as the basic assumption underlying "loyalty to American Ideals." A statement called "the Basic Structure for the Study of the Fundamental Principles of Civic Ethics," proposed in 1954 for special classes at the junior-high-school level in the Indianapolis public schools, even provides an interfaith, all-American public-school definition of God.

These attempts are the most recent phase of the long, perplexing struggle over religion, morality, and public education. Heretofore, the main focus of controversy has been the intricate problem of "released time" (letting pupils be taught religion by their own religious groups on school time).

The "released time" debate concerned the way schools might cooperate in the churches' teaching of their own children; the present debate concerns the way religion and morality might be taught in civics and history classes—and maybe even in home economics and girls' gym—of the public school itself. The biggest furor on the issue has been in New York City and State.

The Great Electrician

Last June, after a series of very devotional recommendations by the State Board of Regents, the New York City superintendents issued

their proposed "guiding statement." This document explained how and why teachers should inculcate the ubiquitous "moral and spiritual values." That much was all right. But along with unexceptionable affirmations about the worth of the individual were others: ". . . the public schools must reinforce the program of the home and church in strengthening belief in God," and ". . . identify God as the ultimate source of natural and moral law." These caused an uproar.

The statement went on to suggest how teachers in the various disciplines could get these points across to students, and it found opportunities all over the place. In science and mathematics, for example, " . . . consideration of the vastness and the splendor of the heavens, the marvels of the human body and mind, the beauty of nature, the mystery of photosynthesis, the mathematical structure of the universe, . . . cannot do other than lead to humbleness before God's handiwork. . . ." In industrial arts, "the composition of metals, the grain and the beauty of woods, the ways of electricity and the characteristic properties of the materials used, invariably give rise to speculation about the planning and the orderliness of the natural world and the marvelous working of a Supreme Power."

THE RESPONSE of the "three faiths" to this guiding statement must have come as something of a jolt to those who want a common American religious front. The Roman Catholic Archdiocese promptly supported the statement: the Protestant Council of the City of New York, representing a constituency that ranged from strong supporters to strong opponents, debated awhile and finally made some comments that were partly appreciative but mostly critical; the New York Board of Rabbis solidly opposed it, issued a negative analysis of it, and organized concerted preaching against it in the city's temples and synagogues.

In New York City the number of Catholics and Jews is so large (fifty-two and twenty-five per cent of the population, respectively) that the nature of the major religious groups is made inescapably apparent. It is possible to see very clearly that each of the "three faiths" is really a quite different phenomenon from the others. They are not, as tolerance literature sometimes suggests, just three indiscriminable outlets selling three slightly different brands of the one basic product, religion. They differ, to continue this unfortunate metaphor, not only in brand names but also in marketing and packaging, and even in the contents of the packages.

Many Christians, accustomed to a more or less doctrinal religion and to a more or less dominant status in society, had a hard time understanding the Jewish opposition to the New York guiding statement—

particularly because the opposition was unanimous. Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform Jews stood side by side, and rabbis of quite widely differing positions in other matters joined together, five hundred strong, to preach against the statement throughout the city. "And they say *we* are monolithic!" remarked a bemused Catholic priest.

The universal and doctrinal character of Christianity, especially Catholicism, bumped squarely against the communal and ritualistic character of Judaism. A Catholic, with his commitment to a fully worked-out, intellectually formulated truth for all men, may try to get as much of that truth as possible taught wherever he can—as for example to every child in the schools: "Because we are convinced that moral and spiritual values have their ultimate source in God and are meaningless without God," said the Archdiocesan statement, "we are anxious to see God given due recognition in our public schools." But for a Jew, the formulations of theology do not have the same authority, and religious words are not so easily separated from the context of the ritual and history of the group. The Jew's faith centers instead in a whole fabric of historic observances of a particular law by a particular community. "We deny," said the rabbis, "that a non-Jewish teacher, however deeply devoted he may be to his own faith, can conscientiously and properly teach Jewish children the fundamentals of their faith . . ."

THE NEW YORK controversy made plain another important fact, overlooked in much interfaithism: There is a big difference between being in the majority and in the

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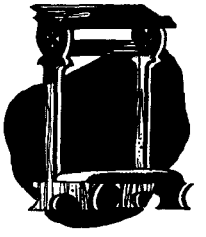
minority. It is easier to settle for a religious stew if the meat of one's own faith determines the dominant flavor. In the nineteenth century, when Roman Catholics were a small minority, they led the fight against religion in the public schools because they knew it would have a Protestant taste to it. Their situation has changed. But the Jewish community has an ancient awareness of the situation of a religious minority from long years of experience with Christian majorities and their "truth." It knows that public religion tends to include more what Christians think Jews believe than what Jews do in fact believe. In this period when religion is surrounded with a rosy glow of popularity, the Jew may enter the reminder that for a child in the minority, religion can be a very uncomfortable business.

Plenty of others joined in opposition to the New York City guiding statement: the Society for Ethical Culture, some Unitarian ministers, the United Parents Association, the New York Civil Liberties Union, Americans for Democratic Action, and the Teachers Guild. The New York Board of Education was to have adopted the superintendents' guiding statement last fall, but it has not done so. As of this writing, the statement is still being reworked in an attempt to meet the various objections. The Board of Education may never adopt it.

Cornerstones, Founding Fathers

This New York effort has been marked throughout by a devoutly celebrational tone. The various resolutions and statements are full of exalted phrases about Lincoln's "sublime thought," the "unequaled clarity" of the Declaration of Independence, and the "solemn words" of the Constitution. The first sentence of the first pronouncement on the subject by the Board of Regents, in 1951, reads: "Belief in and dependence on Almighty God was the very cornerstone upon which our Founding Fathers builded." The New York City superintendents quote a version of this same thought in their guiding statement. The Board of Regents themselves were so taken with it that last March they issued a new document, quoting it again and expatiating on it by citing



reverently some brief, familiar, and often peripheral references to God and Values from the Supreme Court, the Constitution of New York State, President Eisenhower, and the dollar bill. They also found quotations from the Declaration of Independence (". . . endowed by their Creator . . ."), Washington ("The event is in the hand of God"), Lincoln (". . . with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right . . ."), Woodrow Wilson ("God helping me . . ."), Benjamin Franklin (". . . God governs in the affairs of men . . ."), and Thomas Jefferson ("I have sworn upon the altar of God . . .").

The phrase the Regents picked to describe this new education, "Piety and Virtue," with its staid, upright, classically Roman overtones, reflects the traditional and nostalgic flavor of the whole effort. America is seeking eagerly for a "faith" to match the Communists'; the nation is trying to find, all at once and in a hurry, religion, morality, and a heritage. (The word "heritage" ranks almost with "crusade" as a symbol of our period.) Just as millions of Americans are reading eagerly about the American past, so they are also gathering in large numbers in the churches and talking everywhere about morality. The trouble with this otherwise praiseworthy development is that it tends to take short cuts, avoiding the hard paths by which that national enrichment it rightly seeks could be achieved.

THE morality-plugging, religion-mentioning, heritage-promoting spirit does not attain its own "moral and spiritual" aims because in order to attain them there must be something of just that critical alertness which that spirit has excluded. Take morality: Surely any real moral development involves not just learning Boy Scout laws by rote but the training of an independent ability to make ethical evaluations. *This Week* magazine says, "Let's Put Pride Back In Our American History Books." But pride in America cannot just be stuck in by fiat.

Finally, it is no help to religion for the country to develop a kind of compulsory religiosity in which religion becomes almost a fad, and loyalty to God, to country, and to Yale get all mixed together in one pious, virtuous, conforming formula. There is no gain for the angels when membership in one of the "three faiths" becomes a matter of social convention or even—as with the man who notices that church affiliation seems to make one less of a security risk—of prudential calculation. It is, in fact, a real and present danger to religion. Where everybody is "religious" nobody is religious.

THEN there are those almost forgotten folks, the nonbelievers, the semibelievers, and the unaffiliated believers. But in the guiding statement one finds this passage: ". . . as a rule the American teacher is reli-

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gious in character, in action, and in belief. He belongs to a church or synagogue. . . ." As a statement of fact this may be true, but one can almost hear a voice muttering, "He'd better, or else. . . ."

Thin Soup

The New York effort represents quite clearly all three salient assumptions of the current national religion: that there is an essential common core of "religion" in America, that morality depends upon it, and that Americanism depends upon it. Each of the three needs to be challenged, on religious as well as nonreligious grounds.

The liberal Catholic magazine *Commonweal* said it doubted whether a "religion of the least common denominator" could fill the religious vacuum in the schools; the New York Civil Liberties Union predicted that the result would be a "vague theism"; the New York Board of Rabbis said, ". . . some teachers are bound to become missionaries for their own religious convictions. . . . Other teachers will, no doubt, become advocates of a watered, meaningless 'public school religion,' glossing over differences among religious groups which stem from vitally important convictions. . . . [making] little more than a collection of platitudes and truisms."

A supporter of "common American beliefs" might say that thin soup is better than none, but that's one of the chief mistakes: to think any "religion" whatever is good. If what one seeks is depth, then teaching shallowness won't help.

The public school cannot possibly rise any higher in teaching of religion than the general opinion of the community: Its religious platitudes would become an official ideology. Teachers, untrained in religion, would be called upon to teach or "recognize" it; political agencies, chosen on nonreligious grounds, would formulate the core religion. Of the results of that process we already have a sample in the Regents' literature, and it's not encouraging.

THE PROBLEMS of reducing a deep and determinant faith to a public-school religion are acute with all denominations, and particularly with the Roman Catholics. On the basis of their understanding that some basic truths are available to the natural reason of every man, unaided by revelation, they may suggest that some of these—God and the natural law, for example—be taught in the general schools. But in a non-Catholic American environment, with all its pressures toward what a Catholic would call "indifferentism," the teaching of those "common beliefs" soon would certainly imply to many students a shoulder-shrugging conclusion that one religion that contained these basic beliefs was quite as good as another. These common beliefs, taught to everybody in the schools, would tend to become the important ones, and the particular doctrinal or institutional forms in which they were embodied would become, by implication, secondary. When the teaching moved ever so slightly toward that conclusion, the Roman Catholics would be the first and most emphatic to withdraw support of the program.

Maybe it is better, gradually and where appropriate and in accord with levels of maturity, to let students make the exhilarating discovery that though each position can find in itself the basis for living with others, our differences, happily, are great and important.

'A Misty Middle Range'

A chief reason for the effort to have basic American religion taught is its allegedly essential relation to morality. "The American people," said the first sentence of the New York superintendents' guiding statement, "are, characteristically, a religious people who derive their accepted moral and spiritual values from religion." Americans are very much concerned with the morality of their children, and many insist that moral principles necessarily depend upon religion. But other Americans, with equal vigor, say, "No. Morality can and should be taught independently of religion." That's the heart of the fight.

In America it is common to equate religion and morality: Religion is "doing good"; "It was a Christian thing to do." The result is a kind of misty middle range, where ideals and doctrines, religion and morality, blend into something called "spiritual and moral values." This is a confusion. They are really two separate though intimately related questions, in the public schools as elsewhere. One has to do with the teaching of religion; the other has to do with moral training. They aren't the same. True, the attempt at moral training may often involve religion; for example, a counselor must of course appeal to what is there in an individual student, which sometimes would include his religious faith. But that is not the same as having the whole society, through its public schools, formally commit itself to the claim that morality must be linked to religion.

The fact that there are good men who are not religious—and, unfortunately, vice versa—is plain for all to see, and it is fully taken care of in the believer's understanding of the broad and mysterious purposes of God. To pretend otherwise, to make religion and morality rigidly related, denies the higher and subtler doctrines of faith. It also tends to add to the unpleasant tendency to justify religion on the basis of services rendered, a pervasive and dubious theme in the "religious revival."

The Wonder Pill

The Regents' 1951 statement said that Americans' belief in God is "the best security against the dangers of these difficult days." "We believe," they said of their moral and spiritual program, "that such is the best way of insuring that this government and our way of life shall not perish from the earth." Just as the appeal to the individual in popular religion now tends to say that it will do useful things—give success, happiness, peace of mind, peace of soul, peace with God—so the appeal to the nation is that religion will solve oppressing problems: answer juvenile delinquency, give security against Communism, create a moral fiber for the nation. Religion is recommended because, like Chesterfields,

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it satisfies. It is promoted for its helpfulness in meeting pre-existing needs and desires; a possibility that it might transform, criticize, or negate those desires is not included.

The support that religion is supposed to give to morality is usually mixed with its alleged contribution to patriotism. An editorial in the

politically reactionary Catholic newspaper the Brooklyn *Tablet,* for example, said of the sermons by New York rabbis: "Many people are coming to the conclusion that the organized opposition to God and morality—but not to anti-God and immorality—is a revelation of a bias which bodes no good for our Country." The editorial also links anti-God here to the same in the lands under the control of Communists—or, as the *Tablet* would usually say, the "atheistic Communists." The editorial assures the paper's readers that the "anti-God drive in education" does not represent the feeling of the Jewish people, but it leaves the rabbis standing right out there against God, morality, the Board of Superintendents, our country's welfare, and the *Tablet.*

A popular evangelist used to shout that the Communists would "pull down God from the skies." Some listeners might be impelled to ask what kind of a papier-maché God it was Whom the Communists could pull down so easily. Now similarly minded folks talk about the "Godless public schools." God's welfare seems strangely dependent on the success of their own program. The crusade against Godless Communism and the crusade against Godless schools become one. The nation's welfare and God's are bound up in both, and the speakers themselves turn out to be, by obvious inference, the pro-God forces, marching to battle shouting, "Courage, God, we come."

EVEN a much more sophisticated position may make too close a link of religion to morality and Americanism. The Christian educator, arguing against "secularism" in the public schools, says that without the belief in God and the soul our human values will eventually disappear. But even those who find some force in the argument may want to question its defensive and apologetic form: It starts off on the wrong foot, arguing from morality to religion rather than from religion to morality. It tends to start with values taken for granted and then to argue that religion is their necessary support. Sometimes it seems to say to a reluctant world, "If you want your lovely civilization and your nice morality you have to take our tired old religion, too. Christianity and Judaism are the pill society must take to get the sugar coating of moral virtues and national strength."

The place for believers to begin is not with results but with faith and truth. Otherwise, the truth is tailored to fit function, and out of religious faith only that part is selected which surely does serve the particular purposes it has been presented to fulfill.

Faith in God should be a source not only of support but also of criticism of conventional morality and patriotism. Christian faith should be, in a measure, independent even of the "Christian civilization" it helped to form. Surely the believers should be the first to insist that pupils in school should not learn a legalistic religious morality and religious patriotism that their adult religious life will have to undo and contradict.

The Limits of Secularism

Opponents of the New York guiding statement, oddly enough, sometimes speak in words that, to a reader of the Regents' and superintendents' literature, have a familiar ring: "We must never forget," said a rabbi in Brooklyn, "that the separation of church and state is the very foundation stone upon which the superstructure of our American democracy has been builded." There is that foundation stone again, and with it, elsewhere, the Constitution, the Supreme Court, and the Founding Fathers. Only this time they are invoked not for their Godliness but for their insistence upon a separation of church and state.

When a freshman religion class writes about the various denominations and religious groups in America, the student who writes about the Baptists explains that the Baptist heritage of Roger Williams and religious freedom is America's own; the Presbyterian says that the American form of government, representative and tripartite, is molded on the Presbyterian, and that the Constitution is full of a Calvinist and Presbyterian sense of the need to check and balance human sinfulness; the Congregationalists find the American pattern set by the Puritans and the Congregational New England town meeting; the Catholic writes that the founding documents are based upon the Catholic doctrine of natural law, which, for example, Jefferson got from the Catholic Bellarmine; the Unitarian, having read a book by A. Powell Davies, explains that the deist-Unitarian heritage, shared by Tom Paine, Jefferson, Lincoln, and almost everybody important, is America's true religion; and so it goes. There is a cornerstone in every corner.

Much writing about America's religious heritage is less an attempt to understand the past than to shape the present by a selective appeal to the past. The position many opponents of the guiding statement want to promote is that religion is strictly a matter for home and church, to be left out of the school, where it may create "divisive intergroup tension," be unfair to the unbeliever, and harm the role of the school as a "builder of American democracy."

To each side of the debate its own propositions seem perfectly self-evident, and the answer relatively easy. The proponents say, "Well, for heaven's sake, we simply want God and the moral law recognized in the

schools. Who could object to that?"

The opponents, with equal ingenuousness, say, "We just want religion left in church where it belongs, and not put in school where

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it is divisive and out of place—a perfectly obvious American position." But the intensity of feeling on both sides shows that the struggle is real, and that, speaking of "spiritual and moral values," both sides have some important ones they are guarding. No simple, purist answer to the problem will suffice.

ARGUMENTS in the debate tend to cut both ways. For example, there may be a conflict of authority, baffling to the child, between a nonreligious parent and a Bible-quoting teacher who finds God in the grain of wood. But there also may be the same between a devout parent who tells her child that religion undergirds all of life and a teacher whose consideration of life is antiseptically free of any religious understanding.

Much Christian polemic, full of that theologian's cuss word "secularism," overstates its case. The overwhelming majority of Christians in America, no doubt, do not believe what some spokesmen seem to say, that "secularism" is a bad thing. Most Americans, religious or not, want secular politics, without any churchly parties; they want secular public schools, not committed to any doctrine or under any religious control. But the religious man stops there; he does not want secular men and secular children.

The adamant opponents of every "breach" in the "wall" between church and state sometimes do not realize the position of the adherent of a doctrinal religion. His faith is not just a private, incidental, and peripheral matter of taste, a quaint hangover, adding a bit of color to our pluralistic democracy, like the costumes of national backgrounds worn on U.N. Day. Rather, his faith is a total world view, and the fact that his child spends five days every week being taught important matters in a determinedly secular atmosphere raises problems.

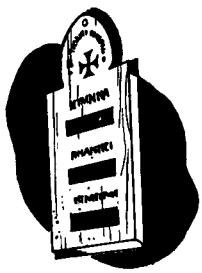
The opponents of the guiding statement tend to be devotees of aggressively "democratic" philosophies, full of praise for the "public" control of the schools. But it is from the public, after all—the very democratic public—that the current pressure for religion in the schools is mainly coming.

Mrs. Agnes Meyer says that the pressure is from "clericalists" bent on taking over the schools for religion and destroying separation of church and state. But many phases of the present religious pressures are not clerical in origin at all, but distinctly part of a kind of popular layman's religion, embarrassing to theologians and serious clergymen. It isn't very "sectarian," either, which is another epithet in the lexicon of the opponents; most of it is a general, over-all, nonsectarian religiosity, which is part of what is wrong with it.

Most of the opponents of the guiding statement come out of liberal, democratic, and pragmatic social philosophies suspicious of what they would call "absolutes." Perhaps in their fight they need to be more pragmatic, and less devoted to an "absolute principle" of separation which, rightly dividing church from state, wrongly tries to separate religion from the areas of life into which devout believers inevitably will bring it.

The Job Is Teaching

The question has, as one might guess, been talked about by experts. Formidable groups of them have been meeting under the aegis of the American Council on Education and, after the habit of experts, making studies. They incline toward this position: You can't and shouldn't teach as true any common core of American religious beliefs; at the same time, you can't and shouldn't eject all mention of religion from the schools. Instead, they suggest "the factual study of religion."



One of the facts about religion is that it is a field in which people do not stop with, or agree upon, the facts about religion. They go on to make personal commitments one way or another. That raises the most emotional and touchy problems. It isn't easy to deal with religion, even "objectively," for young and impressionable minds in the mixed and nonreligious school. There are high schools, we are told, that felt they had to drop teaching about the Reformation from the history course because pressures were so great.

Practically, local schools deal with, or avoid dealing with, religion in a large variety of ways: What happens in Little Rock will be different from what happens in Jersey City. Those differences, reflecting the different composition of communities, will and maybe even should continue. But surely every school ideally ought to be able to do its own job—to teach. The one subject of religion, despite its peculiar difficulties, shouldn't be taboo. Teachers of history should bring in the influence of religion wherever it is appropriate to the teaching of history; social-studies classes should be able to tell about religious institutions as well as about banks and factories. The American Council studies show that in some places classes can develop as a project the study of the different faiths with what all admit are very good results.

Perhaps the teacher, who is the one who really has to work with the problem, should not be pressured either into or out of dealing with religion. Many teachers will continue to stay miles away from the subject of religion, fearful of angry calls from parents. But it ought to be possible for teachers who are competent to do it to approach religion in a way appropriate to the general school: not to teach for commitment but for knowledge and understanding. Information, yes. Proselytizing, no.

That isn't the same as "putting God in the schools." The public school didn't bring "secularism" to America, and it won't and can't bring "religion." These are the consequences of more profound events. The question about the whole religious "revival" nowadays is how much of it will be exhausted in the shallow surface of popular religiosity—and how much of it may run deeper. The place that question will be settled is not in the public schools but, for the most part, in the churches.

It is in the churches that a defi-

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nite religious content *can* be taught, with authority and commitment. Such religion as may legitimately come into the school will come, as "secularism" does, not by the fiat of a board of education but in the underlying assumptions of some devoted teachers. Any true influence of religion on the school—and on the society, for that matter—must take such long ways around.

WRITERS often say the public schools are the "battleground of democracy," or something like that. Usually, frightened by the implications of the statement, they propose some massive attack to win, and thus end, the battle. Some wrongly make religion a dogmatic set of propositions instead of a faith; others wrongly make democracy an anti-dogmatic dogma instead of a political process; both may try to force their positions onto the children in school. But in a nation of many faiths the public schools will also remain mixed.

The real ways faith and democracy are learned are hard and long, in their very nature not to be forced. And one thing is sure about "moral and spiritual values," whatever they are: They have to be paid for.

If such payment is made and such long ways taken, committed religion and noncommittal democracy need not clash. Profound religion, like democracy, wants no compulsion, for a voluntary decision is of its essence. It doesn't go well in mixtures and stews, for its specific affirmations are crucial to it. It can't be talked about at every drop of an eraser—nothing would more surely drive kids away from religion than to have it rammed at them in every course from math to basketball. And it can't be won too easily. Young people are often not too hard to persuade but too easy; they take positions and choose up sides before they know what they are talking about. A good teacher in the public schools may do religion a service by holding back the headlong rush to take positions and set beliefs, indicating that there is vastly more to the subject of religion than can possibly be dealt with in the public school. Maybe that's what those parents who are eager for a heritage also need to learn.

The Changing Temper Of Britain's Labour Party

HUGH MASSINGHAM

"WHAT has been too long a capitalists' citadel is now going to be made not only a Commons' House but a house of the common people."

The British Labour Party has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary and the words quoted above are taken from the brave days of 1906, when British Socialism erupted onto the political scene by getting twenty-nine of its candidates into the House of Commons. The faded photographs of the period still preserve for us something of the strangeness and excitement of those times. There, in the center, is Keir Hardie, still the patron saint of the party—a solid, bearded man, who sits as if carved out of stone, his heavy boots planted firmly on the ground. To his right is Arthur Henderson—a quiet, inward, slightly suspicious man. Beside him is Ramsay MacDonald, dark, handsome, a pure Walter Scott hero. Staring from the back is Philip Snowden, tiny and pale and already burnt up with secret passion. And the rest—what are they like? They are obviously simple and admirable idealists—and they all come from the working class. Although the intellectuals of the party were very busy even fifty years ago, they had not yet entered Parliament.

NOW FLICK over our album and look at the photograph of the Parliamentary Labour Party in 1945 when Labour was first returned to power with an overwhelming majority. Although the movement is still predominantly led by workers, the middle-class intellectuals have already infiltrated into the ranks. Clement Attlee himself came from a comfortable home. Hugh Dalton was the son of a Dean of Windsor and must, as a boy, have watched royalty from the family pew. Sir Stafford Cripps was upper middle class and continued to earn vast sums at the bar even during the most violent phases of his political career. Peering a little closer, one can make out the features of Hugh Gaitskell, who had been returned to Parliament for the first time and was then an unknown M.P. And scattered here and there are other intellectuals, all with the bottom button of their vests undone—a sure sign in England of a good middle-class background.

Leaf through the album again and observe the Parliamentary Labour Party of 1956. The contrast is startling. For one thing all the famous figures of the past have disappeared. Cripps and Ernest Bevin are dead. Attlee, who led the party for twenty years, has gone to the House of Lords and Gaitskell has taken his place. Herbert Morrison, so soundly defeated in the contest for the leadership after being heir apparent for a decade, has retired to the back benches. So has the ebullient Emanuel Shinwell, who once strode across the floor of the House to knock out a Conservative M.P. Dr. Dalton is writing his memoirs. The only one to remain is Jim Griffiths, the new Deputy Leader, and few expect him to stay in that position for very long. Within six months the old guard has had to relinquish its hold over the party and new, largely untried men have taken over. It is perhaps the greatest change in the history of the Labour movement.

The Old Soldiers Fade

But there is more to it than that. The new leadership looks strangely naked. It has no trade-unionist of the caliber of Bevin, who used to beat his clenched fist on the table at the annual conferences when anybody dared oppose him. It has nobody with the moral appeal of Cripps. For the moment it has not even a left wing. During the Bevanite struggle it seemed that the Left had both a program and a policy, but we can now perceive that what really kept it together was its op-

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position to German rearmament. Once that issue was decided and German rearmament became a fact, there remained no rallying cry for the discordant elements that make up the Left—the pacifists, the anti-Germans, the radicals, the supporters of more nationalization.

There have been some significant desertions in recent months. R. H. S. Crossman, once Aneurin Bevan's chief of staff and the smartest intellectual in the business, has gone over to the new leadership. Harold Wilson has forgotten his old feud with Gaitskell and can no longer be thought of as a Bevanite.

But nothing more clearly illustrates the decline of the old-time Left than the reaction to a speech Bevan made shortly after Gaitskell was elected leader. Up to then some members of the party had supposed that Bevan had decided to be a good boy, and had therefore supported him when he stood for the deputy leadership—it was a gesture of good will, a mute sign that all could be forgiven and forgotten. Bevan soon put a stop to these fond illusions. He made a speech in which he strongly attacked the new leadership, even though he was careful to keep within the letter of the law by not mentioning Gaitskell by name. A year ago such an attack would have created an immediate crisis. This time something much more interesting has happened. The speech was not even mentioned when the Parliamentary Labour Party met. In other words, Bevan is being treated as if he were only an eccentric—and, politically, that means death.

The Middle Class Takes Over

A close-up of the new faces that have replaced the old brings out something no less significant—the middle class has moved in and captured the leadership. Gaitskell went to Winchester, one of England's most famous public schools, and was a lecturer and civil servant before he entered Parliament. Wilson, who on present form would be Chancellor of the Exchequer in the next Labour Government, is an economist even though he comes from an artisan home. Douglas Jay, who would be destined for the Board of Trade, is another economist and another product of Winchester. John Strachey, who would probably be Air Minister, is the son of a famous Liberal editor. The list could be extended, but these names, taken almost at random, show the trend.

Gaitskell believes that no radical movement in Britain has ever succeeded without middle-class leadership. Some of the old guard may sneer because he has never drawn water or hewn wood, but Gaitskell

Gaitskell

remains unperturbed. Eleven years ago, when he was completely unknown, he could be lightly dismissed as yet another intellectual who had mistakenly strayed into politics—his voice was soft, his manner affable, and in private conversation he gave no hint that the inner core was made of iron.

WHAT transformed Gaitskell—or, perhaps we should say, what revealed him—was the Bevanite struggle. It is a remarkable, even incredible story. Here was a man reared in an academic hothouse, apparently divorced from the harsh world of politics. Yet when pitchforked into battle, he exchanged blow for blow and gave better than he got. He took on Bevan, the most powerful orator in the Labour movement, a man whose name still has a magical ring for thousands of humble party members, and he has so far won every round.

True, he did this by following the simple strategy of rigidly keeping in step with the trade unions, which usually have the final say in Labour affairs in Britain. But it is also true that he gained the support of the unions because he showed that he was by far the most uncompromising leader on the party's right wing. Bevan, on the other hand, followed exactly the opposite course. He constantly attacked the union leaders and so made it certain that they would vote against him overwhelmingly at the annual conference.

A New Crusader . . .

At the moment the Labour Party has a feeling of fresh confidence. It is partly that a new leader automatically creates new hope—a fresh chapter is about to be written, and the problems of the past seem to have disappeared. It is partly that the Bevanite struggle, which has split the party for so long, seems to be over. But there is also a third reason. Gaitskell happens to have taken over just when the Conservatives have momentarily lost heart. Everybody agrees that if an election were held today the Eden government would almost certainly lose it.

The reason is not in dispute—the Conservatives have so far failed to check the inflation that has been gathering speed during the last nine months. The steps they have taken have served only to alienate the middle class on which the government mainly relies. The farmer, the small businessman, the shopkeeper—these are the people who now find it more difficult to live. Naturally, there has been a good deal of grumbling: Eden is accused of being a wobbler; R. A. Butler, who was Chancellor until a short time ago, is said to have failed. All the same, the crisis in the government's fortunes has been grossly exaggerated both at home and abroad. It is quite untrue, for instance, that a number of Conservative M.P.s have ganged up with the intention of forcing Eden to retire. There is disquiet and there is doubt, but if the government deals with the situation boldly in its April

(*Continued on page 30*)

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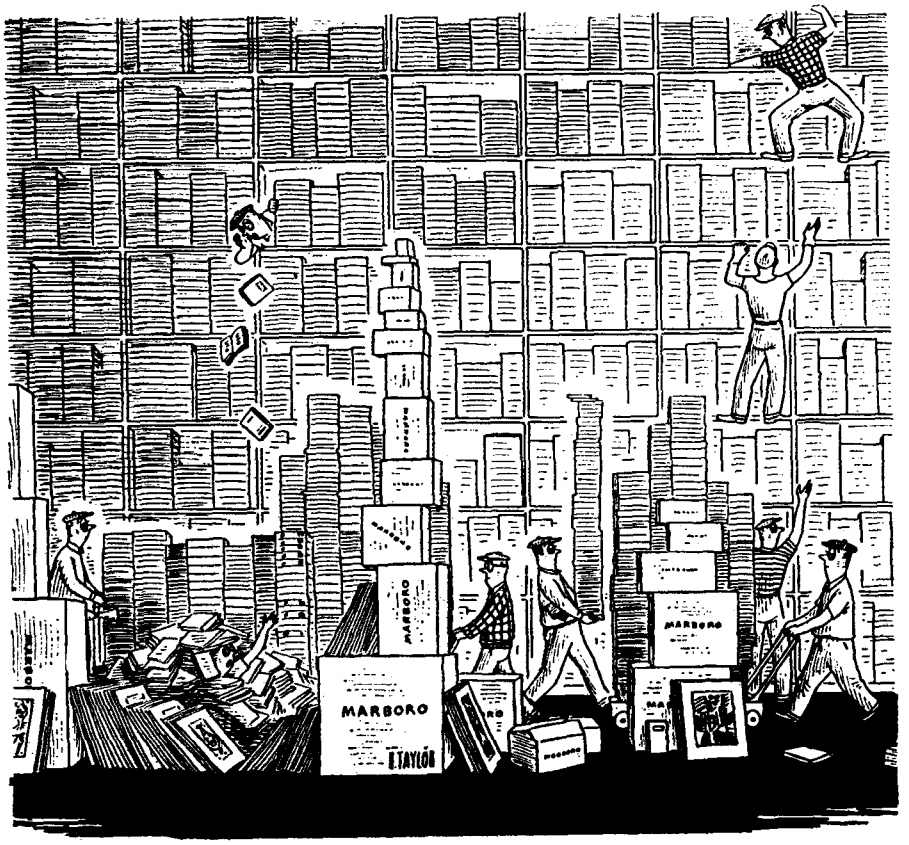

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budget, it may soon be able to regain much of its former popularity.

In the meantime Gaitskell has been making the most of his opportunities. Even while M.P.s were on holiday, he was loudly asking for the recall of Parliament to protest against the sale of obsolete tanks to Egypt. The Labour Party has not been so active for a long time, and yet it is precisely at this point that one's doubts begin.

. . . Seeks a New Crusade

The feebleness of Labour opposition in Parliament during the last five years is not the cause of the party's decline but the symptom of an illness both deep and obstinate. Has the Labour Party fulfilled its historic function? Is it about to fade away as the Liberals did when they seemed to be at the height of their popularity?

Gaitskell must be aware that there are some very disquieting signs. Even the leaders of the Labour movement think themselves lucky when they get an audience of thirty. By-election after by-election tells the same story: The electorate no longer feels the same crusading spirit it did in what are sometimes called the grand old days. At some recent by-elections Labour leaders have had the disconcerting experience of finding that no one has bothered to turn up to hear them.

For this reason Gaitskell has a far more difficult problem to solve than did the pioneers. Keir Hardie felt and acted like an ancient Hebrew prophet leading an oppressed but chosen people to the Promised Land. British Socialism, in fact, was never Marxist; it came out of the Nonconformist chapels of the country.

Even in the 1930's the appeal was not very different, since the evils of the times were just a obvious as they were in the days of Keir Hardie. From 1920 to 1939 the unemployed in Britain never numbered less than nine per cent and one year the figure rose to twenty-two per cent. The average during the period was more than thirteen per cent—in human terms, one and a half million men and women out of work. These were the days when lean and despairing people lined up among the silent coal fields of South Wales and outside the empty shipyards of the Tyne and marched upon London carrying their pathetic banners of protest.

It was a stirring time for the Labour Party. Capitalism was not only immoral but inefficient—only Socialism could reform society so that the unemployed could be given work. The task in foreign affairs seemed no less easy. Although the Labour Party in Parliament seemed to be hesitant and muddled, intellectual Socialists could believe that if the movement were returned to power they would be able to solve every problem. There were arguments and disagreements, but the future glowed with promise. A Labour government would not only cure unemployment but would stand up to Hitler and perhaps save the peace of the world.

None of this remains in 1956. The old grievances have largely gone. In the 1930's there were whole towns where not a wheel turned. Nowadays, in these same streets, a man who would have been out of work twenty years ago can afford to buy a television set. Britain, of course, suffers from recurring economic crises, but nobody really believes, as the intellectuals did in the 1930's, that they can be solved without outside help.

The same is true of international affairs. A Labour government, for instance, did not take from Britain the awful shadow of the hydrogen bomb or even bring the cold war to a happy close. The field where political action can operate, once seen as almost limitless, is now unconsciously felt to be so restricted as to be unimportant and hardly worth the trouble of cultivating. Even if the times were to change and mass unemployment were to return to Britain, the Labour Party should not assume that it would triumphantly be swept into power. The new generation has never been through the cruel experiences of the past and nobody can be certain how it would react in such a crisis. It might turn to Socialism—or it might not.

How, then, is the new leadership going to arouse the electorate from its slumbers? Since Gaitskell took over from Attlee, he has been cautiously feeling his way—thinking aloud is perhaps the right phrase. So far he has behaved very much as we might have expected. While he still stands by the nationalization schemes of the 1945 Labour government, nationalization is "not an end in itself." There are other ways of getting public ownership, and one of them, he has suggested, is for the state to extend its holdings of industrial securities. The tone is mild and reasonable, far from extreme. The appeal will be to the floating voter who rallied to the party in 1945 and seems to have deserted it during the last five years. It is a difficult and even a dangerous course, for if Gaitskell goes too far he will leave his left flank exposed to Bevan.

Indeed, Bevan is already on the march. The other day he condemned Gaitskell's idea of the state extending its holding of industrial securities, and went on to say that the "Labour Party has been built up by those who are not prepared to allow it to slip back" into docility. Nor is Bevan the only worry: Gaitskell must not offend the enthusiasts in the constituencies. If they lose heart, the party's organization, which has always been rather amateurish, will function less efficiently than ever. Apathy will grow, and apathy is bad for Labour and bad for democracy.

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Communist Party Congress: The Break with Stalinism

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

THE TWENTIETH CONGRESS of the Soviet Communist Party was from beginning to end a repudiation of Stalin's autocracy and of the idea of the single leader. This alone makes of it an event of extraordinary importance.

There was something paradoxical in the circumstance that Khrushchev presided over this spectacle, for it was in Malenkov's heyday that the Stalin cult was in fact undermined. Khrushchev's rise was accompanied by vague attempts to restore the Stalinist orthodoxy and by moves that appeared to be designed to put Khrushchev into Stalin's vacant post. These moves have apparently come to nothing. If Khrushchev did indeed aspire to become the party's sole leader, then the collective leadership has so far kept him in his place. He spoke to the Congress with the voice of the Central Committee, but not as the Central Committee's sole master. And if it was his intention to stem the tide of anti-Stalinism, then that tide has proved stronger and has carried him some distance with it.

The break with Stalinism is now apparent in almost every field of Soviet domestic policy, not merely in the denunciation of the leader cult. It is a deep and radical break, especially in social policy.

In the course of a quarter of a century Stalin indefatigably fostered social inequality. He furiously and incessantly fought the "egalitarian heresy" and enforced a system of salaries and wages under which those who earned much could easily earn more and more, while those who earned little had few chances of improving their lot. He was the ruthless guardian of the privileges of the bureaucracy, the managerial groups, and the elite of skilled workers.

Consequently when Khrushchev announced at the Congress that the Central Committee proposed to raise the wages and pensions of the lower-paid workers and to cut some of the high salaries and pensions, he proclaimed a truly sensational reversal of Stalin's social policy. In language that has not been heard recently in Russia, he chided the trade unions for being docile tools of the employer-state and urged them to defend the workers' claims even if that brought them into conflict with industrial managements. To the mass of the Soviet people this was probably even more startling and welcome than the renunciation of the leader cult. The same is true

of the abolition of all school fees for secondary and academic education, which, Khrushchev confirmed, would come into force at the beginning of the next school year.

For the first time in more than thirty years the rulers of the Soviet Union have now attacked social inequality, and in this move most Soviet citizens certainly see the hope of a progressive democratization of the régime.

PERHAPS nothing was as characteristic of the new climate of opinion as what Khrushchev said at the Congress about the degradation of the political police and the distrust and open hostility with which this once-dreaded institution was now surrounded. Khrushchev even found it necessary to warn his audience not to carry its hostility toward the security services too far.

Kliment Voroshilov, President of the Soviet Union, announced that the work on the new criminal code, promised for 1953 but repeatedly delayed, was at last completed; that the whole judiciary had been reorganized to ensure "the rule of the law"; and that a new labor code would now be prepared.

At the same time something that was unthinkable only a short time ago has happened: Most of Stalin's ill-famed concentration and forced-labor camps have been closed. Many of their inmates have been rehabilitated and restored to complete freedom. Those not rehabilitated have been allowed to live and work as free men in prescribed areas of settlement. Thus the régime appears to have freed itself at last from one of its most prodigious abuses.

All these measures have done much to consolidate the post-Stalin régime and to give it a greater measure of popularity and stability than even the party leaders expected. No wonder they addressed the Congress in a mood of genuine confidence and unconcealed relief. The Congress responded in the same mood.

'Half Slave and Half Free'

Yet the oppressive weight of the Stalin era is still felt, and the régime is still far from being the "proletarian democracy" it claims to be. The proceedings of the Congress itself testify to that. The Congress voted its resolutions in "one hundred per cent unanimity" in accordance with the Stalinist custom, which has nothing to do with the Leninist practice now allegedly revived. No open controversy or direct clash of opinion disturbed the smooth flow of the "monolithic" debate. Not one of a hundred or so speakers dared to criticize Khrushchev or any other leader on any single point.

The change in the inner party régime consists in the fact that major decisions of policy are now taken not by Khrushchev alone, and not even by the eleven members of the Praesidium, but by the Central Committee which has 133 members (near-

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ly 260 if alternate members are included). Inside that body free debate has been restored, and differences of opinion are resolved by majority vote. But under Lenin, differences in the Central Committee were not, as a rule, kept secret from the party, and the rank and file freely expressed their own views. This is not the case at present. The Central Committee does not air its differences publicly or in the hearing of the whole party. At its higher levels the party appears now to be managed more or less in the Leninist fashion; but it is still in the Stalinist manner, though less harshly, that the lower ranks are ruled.

This can be only a transitional state of affairs. In the long run the party cannot remain "half slave and half free." The higher ranks will either have to share their newly won freedom with the lower ranks or they themselves must lose it to a new dictator. And in demonstrating hostility toward the "un-Marxist leader cult," the Congress was anxious to bar the road to a new dictator, whoever he might be.

Mikoyan vs. Khrushchev

I have said that the Congress witnessed no open and direct controversy. I should now add that one definite and fundamental controversy did develop at the Congress, but it was conducted obliquely, in hints and by implication, so that only the initiated could follow it. The chief antagonists in that controversy were Khrushchev and Anastas Mikoyan.

Their speeches reflected two trends of opinion, in part sharply conflicting. The question over which they divided was this: How much of the Stalinist orthodoxy should the party throw overboard and how much should it preserve? On the answer depend the methods of government, the party régime, and even the country's spiritual climate.

The question has its critical implications. It may be dangerous for the ruling group to try and preserve too much of Stalinism, but it may be equally dangerous to repudiate too much of it, or to do so too abruptly. The issue is further complicated by the fact that all the present leaders have been Stalin's accomplices in one degree or another.

Khrushchev's attitude in this matter is one of great caution, not to say timidity. He has ceased to glorify Stalin. He even alludes to Stalin's vices and arbitrariness. And he does this all the more sincerely because he himself suffered from them in Stalin's last years: Khrushchev's career and perhaps even his life hung then by a thread. But Khrushchev has not so far gone beyond allusions, although they are clear enough for anyone to grasp their meaning. He desperately avoids repudiating his dead master explicitly. When he castigates the leader cult, he never mentions Stalin's name. He is afraid of the emotional reaction against Stalinism which runs high in the party and in the nation, and he does not wish to encourage that reaction by debunking the dead dictator's memory.

He has offered the country a scapegoat for all of Stalin's misdeeds. That scapegoat is Lavrenti Beria. Yet too many people in the Soviet Union remember that Beria became chief of the political police only toward the end of 1938, and that the great purges, the mass deportations, and the worst outbursts of terror had occurred earlier. Still Khrushchev clings to Beria's corpse as if to a protective shield.

He is afraid of "too much" liberalism, "too much" egalitarianism, and "too many Utopian illusions." Tough and practical administrator that he is, he looks askance at the party intellectuals who pose too many embarrassing questions and are too anxious to know or to tell the whole truth about the Stalin era. To Khrushchev's mind they risk awakening too many sleeping dogs of Trotskyism, Bukharinism, bourgeois nationalism—all the heresies that the party canon has condemned and that Khrushchev has no wish to exonerate.

Khrushchev's strongest ally is Lazar I. Kaganovich, who represents the same frame of mind and is even less inclined to renounce the Stalinist canon. At times Kaganovich seems to be the real leader of the Stalinist die-hards, but as a faction the die-hards do not even have the courage to come out into the open. In any case, Khrushchev yields to the new spirit of the time only reluctantly, step by step, fighting Stalinism's rear-guard battle all the time.

MIKOYAN appeared at the Congress as the mouthpiece of militant anti-Stalinism. He has been the first and so far the only leader to repudiate Stalin explicitly. He has been the first to say that Stalin's theoretical pronouncements (which at the previous Congress Mikoyan himself had no choice but to hail as the revelations of genius) were so much trash. It is not on Beria that Mikoyan heaps abuse. He told the Congress that the evil against which the party was now fighting had taken root long before Beria, in the early years of the Stalin era—perhaps even at its very beginning.

While Khrushchev inveighed against Trotskyists and Bukharinists and other "enemies of the people," Mikoyan protested against slandering men who had led the Revolution and the Red Army as enemies of the people.

To leave no doubt as his meaning, Mikoyan denounced roundly the whole "school of law" and the judiciary established since Lenin's death, the "school of law" and judiciary which were headed by Andrei Vyshinsky, the Chief Prosecutor in the purge trials of 1936-1938. His speech amounted therefore to a demand for a revision of those trials and, practically, for the rehabilitation of those who had been condemned: Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Bukharin, Radek, Rakovsky, and others.

MOREOVER, when Mikoyan urged the Congress to wage a "merciless struggle" against "bureaucratic centralism" and for a full reinstatement of Lenin's "democratic centralism," he consciously borrowed these terms, as well as many other ideas and formulas, from none other than Trotsky, who coined them. And it was in an almost characteristically Trotskyist manner that Mikoyan hinted at Lenin's testament, that lost document unknown to the new Soviet generation, in which Lenin had advised the party "to remove Stalin" from the post of general secretary.

Mikoyan's speech is a remarkable political and human document if only because he himself had been an ardent Stalinist at least since 1922, long before Khrushchev and Kaganovich joined the Stalinist faction.

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Khrushchev and Kaganovich owed their careers entirely to Stalin; Mikoyan had risen in the party in Lenin's day, and his mind had been formed in Lenin's school. His speech was something of an old Leninist's recantation of the part he had played in helping Stalin to ascendancy. It was not a recantation in the familiar Stalinist style, but a seemingly genuine confession, if only implicit, of grim and grave errors, and of a desire to undo some of the still rampant evils of Stalinism.

Conflict and Compromise

There can be little doubt that the Khrushchev-Mikoyan duet has disclosed to the world the party's divided mind and has revealed something about the differences of opinion and the alignments within the Central Committee. Another probable consequence of the duet will be to project these differences and alignments from the Central Committee to the lower ranks of the party and to draw the latter into the controversy.

Until a year ago the Central Committee was divided over general economic policy. On the one side were those who, led by Malenkov, favored a more rapid development of consumer industries. On the other were Khrushchev, Kaganovich, and their followers, who insisted on absolute priority for heavy industry. This struggle led to the defeat of the pro-consumer group and is now closed. Malenkov has been demoted but not "purged." He has retained his seat on the Praesidium, but he was allowed to retain it only on the understanding that he would not seek to reopen the controversy. His speech at the Congress was merely an acknowledgment of defeat. This controversy having lapsed, the Central Committee has remained divided over the issues raised by Mikoyan.

That Mikoyan was permitted to state his views from the platform of the Congress is in itself an important precedent. Again, this is no evidence yet of any real reinstatement of Leninist "inner party democracy." In Lenin's day, when there was disagreement in the Central Committee over an important issue, it was customary for the majority to express its view in the official report to the Congress, while a spokesman of the minority came out with a frankly controversial "counter-report." Mikoyan, it may be surmised, may have intended to come out with such a counter-report, but the Central Committee refused to permit at this stage any open clash between two members of the "collective leadership."

A compromise was reached, under which Mikoyan was allowed to state his views in a positive form, without making it explicit where and on what points he dissented from Khrushchev.

THE EFFECT of the discordant duet was some confusion at the Congress. While many delegates certainly understood what Mikoyan was driving at and how far-reaching were the implications of what he said, the less informed missed the nuances and believed that Mikoyan merely toed the Khrushchev line, or that Khrushchev was in full agreement with Mikoyan. When Mikoyan finished, the Congress gave him an ovation such as it accorded no other leader, except Khrushchev and perhaps Bulganin. But while Khrushchev and Bulganin received the homage due their offices and ranks, Mikoyan was applauded for what he had said and for the manner in which he had said it.

Mikoyan's triumph suddenly brought to light the strength of the anti-Stalinist feeling in the party. It gave rise to intense speculation, inside Russia as well as outside, about the possible rehabilitation of Stalin's enemies, including Trotsky. All this was hardly welcome to Khrushchev and to the majority of the Central Committee. And here came the next great surprise: Neither Khrushchev nor any one of his associates rose to disavow Mikoyan in the Congress. Both sides scrupulously adhered to the rule, agreed upon in the Central Committee, that they should not engage in direct controversy. Only indirectly, without mentioning Mikoyan's name, did *Pravda* publish an editorial which began by stating emphatically that Trotskyists and Bukharinists were still considered "enemies of the people," as Khrushchev had just described them. Notice was thus given that this crucial canon of Stalinist orthodoxy was still valid.

For how long will it remain valid? The fact that Khrushchev refrained from attacking Mikoyan in public is a sign of the times. Stalin, during his struggle for power, never hesitated to disregard any gentlemen's agreement reached in the Central Committee and to hit Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Bukharin below the belt. Whatever Khrushchev may do in the future, so far he has treated Mikoyan with fairness and even loyalty, although he would have found it quite easy to arraign Mikoyan, on the strength of his speech, as a Trotskyist and enemy of the people.

Mikoyan instead was elected to the commission that framed the final resolution on Khrushchev's report; and like Malenkov he has retained his seat in the Praesidium. Moreover, the final resolution is worded to give some satisfaction to those who share Mikoyan's views. It calls on the new Central Committee to "keep up the struggle against the remnants of the leader cult."

The Congress thus ended on a note of compromise. Its final resolution contains no explicit disparagement of Stalin—this should soothe the Stalinist die-hards. But it authorizes a further revision of the party's record, which is what the anti-Stalinists desire. Such a resolution designed to please everyone can hardly prevent the opposed views from clashing after the Congress. Far from closing the conflict, it only carries the controversy into a new phase.

WHO STANDS behind the antagonists? Broadly speaking, the groups that enjoyed privileges under Stalin defend their "acquired rights," and their action assumes the form of an "ideological" defense of what

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remains of Stalinist orthodoxy. Radical workers, the advanced intelligentsia, and the "Leninists" in the party all desire, from different motives, to rid themselves of the remaining fetters of that orthodoxy. Khrushchev and the practical administrators behind him try to strike a balance between the conflicting interests and aspirations and to avoid sweeping "ideological revisions" that may rend the party and complicate the business of government.

The leaders have so far been wary of injecting bitterness into the controversy. Economic progress, rising standards of living, and a degree of popular contentment make it possible for the ruling group to settle its inner differences in a milder manner than that in which differences were settled in Stalin's days. But the ideological revisions cannot be arrested halfway.

The Chinese and the French

The anti-Stalinist trend in the Soviet Union is a matter of vital interest to Communist Parties in other countries. It is, paradoxically, in some of those parties that Stalinism now finds its blindest adherents. Behind the scenes, the foreign Communist leaders, most of them present at the Congress as guests of honor, were drawn into the controversy; and some indication of the attitudes could be found even in their ceremonial greetings to the Congress.

While the Soviet leaders, even the most pro-Stalinist ones, refrained from making a single laudatory remark about Stalin, Mao Tse-tung (who sent a message) and Maurice Thorez were, it seems, the only ones to bring in notes of adulation for Stalin, notes reminiscent of the Nineteenth Congress in 1952, which sounded strangely out of date. The attitude of Thorez was perhaps not surprising: Rushing to the rescue of Stalinist orthodoxy, he was defending his own interest as autocratic leader of the French Communist Party, an interest jeopardized by the new requirements of collective leadership.

Mao Tse-tung's attitude is more puzzling, because from the Stalinist viewpoint his own political record is by no means irreproachable. In his preoccupation with the industrialization of his own country and the collectivization of Chinese farming, has he become converted at this late hour to full Stalinist orthodoxy? That orthodoxy certainly fits a primitive country in the throes of upheaval and in need of harsh discipline better than its fits present-day Russia. In any case, Mao's attitude must have greatly strengthened the hands of the pro-Stalinist elements within the Soviet party. Most other foreign Communist leaders appear to be sitting on the fence. Only Palmiro Togliatti, the Italian leader, and Boleslaw Bierut, the Pole, seem definitely in favor of the break with Stalinism.

The Soviet and the World

In foreign affairs the Twentieth Congress has not brought to light any evolution as startling as that which it revealed in Soviet internal affairs. In the conduct of diplomacy the change from the Stalin era has been in manner rather than in matter, but it is not unimportant. Over the years Stalin's foreign policy alternated between extremes of conciliation and recklessness. At times, in the 1920's and 1930's, Stalin was almost abjectly meek; at other times he was preposterously blunt and provocative. His successors avoid the extremes. Their policy is set on a far steadier course. It is less clumsy, less devious and secretive, more self-confident and flexible, and it is sensitive to public opinion.

In a curious aside the now semi-retired Mr. Molotov confided to the Congress that barely ten years ago only in their boldest dreams could the party leaders imagine a situation as advantageous for the Soviet Union as the one in which they now find themselves. He was not merely boasting. In a very real sense, the Soviet Union is now playing from strength —strength derived from its own economic progress, from the consolidation of Communist rule in China and eastern Europe, from the possession of a vast and massive assortment of atomic, hydrogen, and conventional arms, and (last but not least) from the anti-colonialist ferment in Asia and Africa. All these elements of strength had been maturing during the last years of the Stalin era. But some of them have come to fruition only since then, and have only recently made themselves fully felt in the conduct of foreign affairs.

Thus Moscow's foreign policy no longer shows any of the hesitation and wavering that it exhibited just after Stalin's death and throughout most of the Malenkov period, when Moscow appeared to be half inclined to consider an over-all settlement with the West on the basis of a joint evacuation of Germany, and seemed only to be waiting for encouragement from the West. At that time almost every one of Molotov's diplomatic notes to the western powers called insistently for an early evacuation of Germany. Evacuation is no longer even mentioned. "What we have we hold"—the words were once used by Churchill—is now the implicit maxim of Soviet diplomacy.

This certainly applies to the major bulwarks and bastions of Communist power, if not to such dubious acquisitions of the Stalin era as the Soviet naval bases in Finland and Manchuria and the joint-stock companies which Russia set up in the Balkan countries and in China. These have been given up with little real loss and with much moral gain, and at the Congress Mikoyan did not hesitate to describe Stalin's efforts to acquire them as grievous errors. With the record more or less cleared of those "errors," the broad purpose of Soviet diplomacy is now to preserve the international status quo.

In a sense Stalin's successors are doing what Stalin did in the 1920's, when he too based his policy on the international status quo. But the Congress was naturally much more aware of the differences than of the resemblance. Thirty years ago the status quo meant isolation of a weak and backward Soviet Union in the face of immensely superior non-Communist powers. It was then still possible for Trotsky and Zinoviev to argue that by reconciling itself with the status quo Communism weakened its own chances and played into its enemies' hands. The question whether Bolshevism should bank primarily on "socialist construction" at home or on the early spread of revolution abroad presented a real dilemma because of the

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extreme weakness and precariousness of Soviet "socialist construction" and of the apparently great strength of Communism abroad, especially in Germany and China.

No such acute dilemma is troubling Moscow at present. The main strength of Communism, actual and potential, lies now within the Soviet bloc, not outside it. The old controversy has become irrelevant to the new facts. Stalin's "socialism in a single country" is a mere memory of the past, and Trotsky's prophecy that the Soviet Union depended for its survival on the spread of revolution has in some respects been fulfilled and in others become outdated.

Yet never perhaps since the 1920's have professions of faith in the eventual triumph of world Communism over capitalism resounded from Moscow with as much strength of conviction as they do now. They have a quasi-Trotskyist undertone. In the middle 1920's the Soviet party and the Comintern assumed, despite Trotsky's criticisms, that western capitalism had achieved a measure of stabilization. No such assumption is made about the present state of the western economy. In spite of boom conditions, continued full employment, and feats of bourgeois progress, which Moscow no longer crudely denies, it is convinced that the long and "artificially sustained" prosperity of the West is bound to end, sooner or later, in a collapse as disastrous as that of 1929.

How are these forecasts and professions of faith in world Communism related to the defense of the diplomatic status quo and to the much-overworked slogan of peaceful coexistence?

The answer is found not in the abstract logic of the Soviet attitude but in a specific, and in part tacitly assumed, concept of the international class struggle. That the "tide of history" carries mankind as a whole toward Communism, through whatever stages and crosscurrents, is an old Bolshevik, indeed an old Marxist, axiom. That the "tide" is moving faster than the Soviet leaders expected it to move ten or twenty years ago—and that it is doing its work all the better despite the fewer attempts to force its pace—is the lesson they think they have learned, or relearned, from the upheavals and conflicts of the last decade—in Germany and Korea not less than in China and Indo-China.

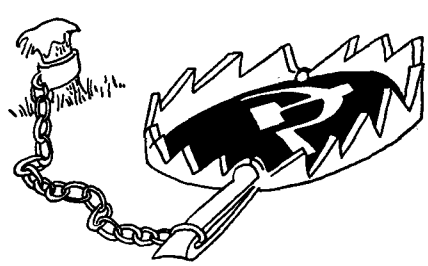
Wave upon Wave

But the Communist leaders have had to face anew the fact that the process of international revolution has not been continuous. It has so far developed in two distinctly separate cycles of "waves."

From the first wave of revolution, that of 1917-1920, Bolshevik Russia emerged victorious but bled white and isolated. From the second there has emerged the Chinese revolution, compared with which the eastern European revolutions, carried out in the shadow of the Red Army in 1944-1948, have been of minor importance. This second wave has now nearly spent its force.

That the third wave will come the Communists take for granted, but nobody can say when. The interval, whether short or long, requires adjustments in Communist policy and a *modus vivendi* with the capitalist world.

The first two waves of revolution came in the wake of world wars. It is therefore a matter of some interest to Communist theory and policy



whether the third wave, too, can have its origin only in a cataclysm. The Congress has answered this question in the negative, because, so Khrushchev argues, the general balance of strength between East and West—the atomic stalemate above all—militates strongly against the likelihood of a third world war, even though the attitude of the United States is partly unpredictable. This is the meaning of the "thesis" about the avoidability of armed conflict.

The message of the Twentieth Congress, not altogether novel, is that the third wave of revolution need not be set in motion, as were the first two waves, by the destructive fury of war—it may be generated by the constructive achievement of the Soviet bloc, especially of the Soviet Union.

These achievements require time for their materialization—a long "respite" from the most acute forms of international class struggle that could lead to world war. Both camps, the western and the eastern, may hope to benefit from a respite. Both have therefore—the Soviets reason—a common interest in prolonging the respite to the utmost. Soviet policy invokes this common interest; and it does so all the more insistently because, whatever the variations of Soviet pronouncements on this subject, a clash of arms would now threaten both camps with annihilation.

The Soviet leaders have certainly a clear idea as to how they intend to use the respite. Having broken the western, or rather the American, monopoly of atomic and hydrogen weapons, they plan to use the time at their disposal for breaking another, equally decisive, monopoly so far enjoyed by the West—the monopoly of a high standard of living. They argue that the West will be forced to defend this advantage with all its economic might, and that it is legitimate for the Soviet Union to challenge the West on this ground. Such is the meaning of "peaceful competition" in "peaceful coexistence."

Red and Rosy Dreams

The new Five-Year Plan, endorsed by the Congress, is seen in Moscow as a milestone in the struggle to break the West's most vital monopoly. But the struggle will take anywhere from ten to twenty years. If it can be brought to a successful conclusion, the Soviet leaders expect that Communism, offering the masses high standards of living and education, will no longer have to force itself on unwilling subjects by means of terror. Its attraction will be so overwhelming that the bourgeois order will not be able to resist it.

The third wave of revolution may then not carry with it all the blood

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that the first two waves carried, and the roads by which other nations approach socialism will prove much easier and smoother than the thorny paths trodden by the Russians and the Chinese. Even now, Khrushchev pointed out, the roads—he insisted on the plural—are already easier for the People's Democracies. Unlike the Soviet Union, they need not give strict priority to heavy industry; they can afford a less strenuous economic policy.

THE THESIS about the "different roads to socialism" is also designed to serve another more immediate and opportunistic purpose. When Moscow's leaders expatiate vaguely on the admissibility of a parliamentary road to socialism, a road unsullied by civil war, they intend to reassure Mr. Nehru and the Congress Party of India and similar neutral governments and parties in Asia. The Communist Party of India is already adopting a conciliatory attitude toward the Prime Minister. The lure of the parliamentary road is also meant to overcome the misgivings of western Socialist Parties about united fronts, the misgivings especially of the French Socialists and Radicals.

The Price They'll Pay

This policy gives a moderate and "rightist" twist to Communist tactics. It obliges the Communist Parties to exert themselves more than hitherto in the search for parliamentary alliances, to refrain from revolutionary ventures, and behave with a good deal of bourgeois respectability. This seems to be the price Khrushchev is prepared to pay, or rather to make the Communist Parties pay, for a period of peaceful coexistence.

Not unlike Stalin in the 1920's and 1930's, he sees that in coming years the decisive element of the international struggle will be not the action of the French, Italian, or Indian Communists, but "socialist construction" within the Communist realm.

And so the Twentieth Congress looked forward not to the seizure of new positions of power for Communism but to the consolidation and the building up of the power that Communism has already won.

Will the Atom Persuade Europeans to Unite?

ANDRE FONTAINE

WHEN THE NEW French government of Guy Mollet took over, its statement of policy was a model of vagueness. This was not surprising, since the Parliament elected on January 2 had provided no stable majority to support any clearly defined program. On one point, however, the new Premier spoke out clearly: We are determined, he said, "to set up a treaty before summer that will create Euratom"—an atomic pool for France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Holland.

Neither the word "Euratom" nor the idea is new. Nearly a year ago the Foreign Ministers of these six nations, anxious to revive the idea of European unity after the collapse of the European Defense Community, met at Messina and decided to study the possibility of creating a common European market especially for atomic development. At this meeting the French delegation, despite the well-known "European" convictions of its leader, Antoine Pinay, was notably cautious The Edgar Faure government depended on the Gaullist vote to remain in power. Gaullist hostility to any form of European integration was about the only thing that held that party together. Moreover, Premier Faure himself was lukewarm on integration and had been one of the most stubborn opponents of EDC when he was a member of the Mendès-France Cabinet.

Since the problem was extremely complex and no one had any clear ideas, the Messina Conference ended by entrusting a committee headed by Paul-Henri Spaak, the Belgian delegate, with the task of preparing a report. On February 11, only a few days after the new French government took over, the six powers met again, this time in Brussels, to study the Spaak report. Christian Pineau, the new French Foreign Minister, is a convinced "European." The shellacking the Gaullists got in the elections has greatly diminished their influence. However, the combined strength of 150 Communist Deputies, forty-nine Poujadists, and forty or fifty former Gaullists and extreme Rightists makes it plain that the fate of any project for European integration depends entirely on the attitude of the non-Communist Left —in effect on the followers of Pierre Mendès-France.

That is why Premier Mollet probably made a mistake in not giving Mendès-France the Foreign Affairs portfolio. If Mendès-France had endorsed Euratom he would certainly have carried with him the votes of those Socialists and Radicals who have not forgotten the fight over EDC. That fight was really like a war of religion, and those who opposed EDC still suspect anything bearing the European label of being a dark maneuver by which supporters of EDC are seeking revenge. The Popular Republicans and the moderates still look upon Mendès-France as an arch-villain. They adamantly refused to have him named Foreign Minister, and Mollet yielded to them. In doing so he aroused some suspicion among the friends of Mendès-France, if not in Mendès-France himself, that the advocates of Euratom had hidden motives.

UNDER these conditions, Christian Pineau was obliged to be very prudent at Brussels. It must be said that the attitude of the other conferees did not encourage him to change his position of extreme reserve. They too were prudent. The Belgians are enjoying substantial profits as a result of their agreement with Washington and London on the Congo uranium deposits. The West German government, generally favorable to any European project, is nonetheless subject to pressure from the German industrialists, who would never voluntarily agree to yield to

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a supranational and therefore somewhat socialistic organization the profits and power they would get from exploiting under uncontrolled capitalism the immense resources opened up by the fission of the atom.

The Dutch for their part are much less interested in the atom than they are in opening up an integrated European market, while France is extremely dubious about such a market because of its great difference in living standards plus government expenditures for social welfare and the high salaries and prices prevalent in many industries. Finally the French find it difficult to envisage how even an atom-powered Europe could absorb the surplus of Italian labor.

A New Strategy

It was not surprising to find the Brussels statement obviously less forceful than the texts adopted two weeks earlier in Paris by the Action Committee for the United States of Europe founded last October by Jean Monnet.

The purpose of this organization was not to compete with the thousand and one existing "Pro-European" leagues and movements. Despite its ambitious title, for the moment it has but one objective: the creation of Euratom. Everyone knows that the peaceful use of atomic energy will revolutionize European industry and consequently the living conditions of all Europeans. It is evident also that the nations of Europe cannot enter singly the world race for atomic production. They are too small, their resources too limited. The fact has long been recognized. But the Monnet committee is pursuing the old goal of a united Europe through an entirely new strategic approach. Since it was a parliament that brought down EDC, from the very first Monnet has sought to assure Euratom of solid parliamentary support in all countries concerned. That is why he invited representatives from the democratic political parties of the six nations to join his committee. Most of those invited have accepted, including a certain number which formerly opposed EDC, notably the German Social Democrats. It is significant also that the French Socialists, who were represented on the committee by Guy Mollet, replaced him, when he became Premier, by Edouard Depreux, who is not an ardent admirer of EDC.

Monnet would have liked to have had Mendès-France on the committee with him. This appointment would have constituted a dramatic public reconciliation between the two most dynamic and constructive minds in France today, whom EDC had tragically set against each other. But after a series of talks Mendès-France, no doubt fearing that he would lose support on the Left by publicly joining Monnet's committee, chose to have himself represented by the secretary-general of the Radical Socialist Party, Maurice Faure, a thirty-four-year-old Deputy who has since become Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Faure, a fervent "European" but a lukewarm Mendésiste, represented him only nominally. This is not the case with his successor on the committee, the young Radical Socialist Claude Leclerc, who is one of the many Mendésiste Deputies elected from the Paris region.

Fear Is Not Enough

Two ways of building Euratom are advocated. One is oriented toward co-operation, the other toward integration. The first, supported by Great Britain, was drawn up by the Office of European Economic Co-operation. It calls for voluntary pooling of nuclear information, close scientific co-operation, and the creation of a joint plant for the separation of isotopes.

The formula is considered far too limited by the Monnet committee. Apart from the traditional argument in favor of creating a common European market of 165 million consumers that alone can maintain western Europe's power in the contemporary world, the committee insists upon the danger of permitting every nation to utilize as it pleases its own atomic production. No one ignores the fact that plutonium can be used for military purposes. The French—and perhaps other nations—will not feel easy when Germany is at liberty to manufacture atom bombs. Since it is out of the question to prevent Germany from ever having a nuclear industry, Monnet proposes controls over the manufacture and use of fissionable material that will make it very difficult for any nation to use the atom for military purposes even if it seeks to do so by fraud. To be effective such a control system demands:

A European Atomic Commission that would own all fissionable mate-

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rial throughout all stages of production, transformation, use, and final disposition.

European agreement to ban the production of atomic energy for military use.

These two principles have been accepted by representatives of the majority of the six national Parliaments represented in the Monnet committee—a step that the six governments have not taken so far. Unquestionably the governments are in agreement that the plan for simple co-operation does not go far enough. Christian Pineau has a formula which, while accepting the British-sponsored proposal for general co-operation, would have working within it a hard core of nations that accept the pooling of their nuclear production. But it is significant that the six nations have not yet dared to propose a name for the organization that is to be charged with guiding Euratom; they fear to call up the ghost of the European army. For fear of frightening all those for whom the word "national" is still far from obsolete, the word "supranational" occurs nowhere in their declaration.

There is a rebirth of nationalism in Europe today, largely caused by the diminished fear of war. In times of danger from without, nations in a coalition forget their differences, but they remember them when danger seems past. Fear is no longer enough to bring about the rebirth of Europe. This rebirth can come only if Europeans see in unity the way to reduce their dependence upon the United States.

In an interview in *Le Monde* a few months ago Jean Monnet did not hesitate to say: "As long as European nations remain disunited, their weakness and their divided policies will make every one of them a pawn and a permanent cause of mistrust and unbalance between East and West. Relationships between East and West can become normal and stabilized only if the countries of Europe, by establishing their unity in a United States of Europe, achieve a dynamism that can make them self-reliant in the face of both the United States and the Soviet Union."

It is with this in mind that the question of Euratom's giving up all atomic production for military use must be considered. No doubt West Germany is already pledged, through the Paris agreements, not to produce atom bombs. The Benelux nations obviously have not the means to make them, and there is no evidence whatever that Italy, where the neutralist tide is running ever stronger, is dreaming of making any. As for France, the Faure government, yielding to Gaullist pressure, had announced its intention of producing an atom bomb. Within two weeks an almost unanimous public opinion, unable to see what France could do with one atom bomb when the United States and Russia both have stocks of several hundred if not of several thousand, compelled the Faure government to give up the project, and it is highly unlikely that the Mollet government will seek to revive it.

Toward General Disarmament

Actually the question is not about atom bombs but about tactical atomic weapons of the battlefield. To make a tactical weapon at the present time requires, it is said, about half the amount of fissionable material that goes into the making of a bomb, but the proportion may soon be decreased. And the day may come when no army will be worthy of the name unless it is provided with a minimum of such tactical atomic equipment. If Europe agrees never to produce atomic weapons, as Jean Monnet is asking it to do, Europe will be completely giving up its military autonomy. It is possible, of course, to argue that Europe, faced with the super-armament of the great powers, no longer has any military role to play, and that the example it would furnish by deliberately sacrificing such pretensions might prove contagious.

But Monnet goes further than that. He sees Europe not simply in the passive role of witness but as taking the initiative in the campaign for general disarmament. He wants to extend to the whole world the monopoly of fissionable material that he is now proposing for Europe. World-wide agreement on this point, he believes, would be the only effective means of ensuring those disarmament controls which every nation says it is seeking.

The governments of Europe, however, seem hesitant to go along with his proposal, and the plan that will succeed is probably the one that provides for a Euratom exclusively concerned with the peaceful exploitation of atomic energy. In it the member nations, with the exception of West Germany (already committed by the Treaty of Paris), will not be called upon to agree formally to prohibit all military production.

If West Germany shows a minimum of good will in the settlement of two main questions—the preservation of some economic advantages for France in the Saar and the Moselle River canal—there should be no insurmountable opposition in France to the creation of Euratom. Yet other considerations may come into play and cause the project to fail.

The drama of French politics—and unless I am mistaken the drama of American politics—is that no problem is faced and solved on its merits alone, and that everything tends to be drawn into internal politics.

It is evident that Euratom can be created only if enough unity is preserved between the different French political groups now inclined in its favor. If the controversy over religion in the schools and over North Africa were to lead to the formation of a French government dependent on the Communist vote, there would be little hope for Euratom, or indeed for Europe itself. The idea of European unity could not hope to survive a second massive failure.

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NATO and West Germany: The Strategic Problem

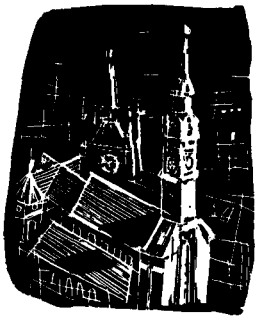
GORDON A. CRAIG

On a gray and blustery morning in late January, Konrad Adenauer stood in a courtyard in the garrison town of Andernach, not far from Bonn, and called out in his reedy voice, "Good morning, soldiers!" The greeting was addressed to some fifteen hundred officers and men drawn up in parade order. They were the first units of the new German army, the army that is expected eventually to contribute twelve combat divisions to NATO.

The American officers who watched the Andernach review may have reflected with satisfaction that here at last was a real beginning to the German rearmament effort. But there were probably some among them who wondered whether the blueprinted twelve divisions would ever be raised or whether, if raised, they would ever take their place among the NATO forces. The Germans do not seem very happy about NATO these days. The constantly reiterated Soviet argument that the Federal Republic's membership in NATO is the only real obstacle to German reunification has affected the thinking of more people than Washington cares to admit. In addition, over the past year there has been a growing concern about the strategic implications of NATO membership, and Germans are beginning to think and say that NATO's military plans offer neither security nor hope to the German people.

Until the end of 1954 there was singularly little informed public discussion of strategic questions in Germany. Even in the long debates over German membership in the European Defense Community, military plans and problems were treated in the most superficial manner. The German people were encouraged by government spokesmen to believe that adherence to a European coalition would somehow make possible a "forward strategy" so effective that West Germany would be spared the horrors of becoming a battlefield.

In July, 1952, a Christian Democratic Deputy declared: "We expect of the Federal Government that it will press successfully for a strategic concept in which Germany cannot become the theater of a conflict." Between that time and the end of 1954 the government intimated frequently that it was assured of this happy immunity. Indeed, as recently as last March, Chancellor Adenauer had no hesitation in stating flatly: "So long as we do not belong to



NATO we are the European battlefield in the case of a hot war between Soviet Russia and the United States; and if we are in the Atlantic Pact Organization, then we are no longer that battlefield."

The Recoil Plan. . . .

This last assurance, however, was skeptically received. The signing of the Paris pact six months earlier had been followed by more rigorous examinations of the NATO strategic concept. In November, 1954, the weekly news magazine *Der Spiegel* pointed out that NATO's forward strategy was, after all, based on a very fluid conception of defense, conducted in depth by highly mobile units which would recoil and counterthrust as the circumstances dictated; and that, in view of Russian numerical superiority, the opening phase of any war touched off by aggression from the east would probably be characterized by the dogged withdrawal of Allied forces from the Elbe to the Rhine, protracted as long as possible to allow preparations for a massive counterthrust.

Simultaneously, Adelbert Weinstein, the influential military expert of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, reminded his readers that the primary mission of Germany's projected twelve divisions was not the defense of Germany as such: They were "to be an instrument of the Atlantic leadership and [would] be used in a mobile, highly elastic manner in European space." This was hardly encouraging. The Germans may or may not deserve to be described—as they have been by a British journal—as our "myopic German allies." But their eyesight was good enough for them to discern the outlines of a war in which their country would be systematically conquered by the Russians and then as systematically reconquered by the western Allies.

. . . and the Atom Threat

Nor were matters improved when in December, 1954, the NATO Council decided that future strategic plans would be based on the assumption that atomic weapons would be used in the defense. Edmond Taylor wrote in *The Reporter* at that time that some NATO members feared this decision "may have opened up a Pandora's box that will eventually disintegrate the coalition." It certainly further enlivened the debate in Germany. In February the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* took the unusual step of printing on successive days two long articles by B. H. Liddell Hart that attacked the NATO concept as inflexible and unrealistic. Citing Field Marshal Montgomery's statement that the December decision meant not merely that atomic weapons might be used but that they certainly would be used if the West were attacked, Liddell Hart argued that the NATO concept provided for every contingency except the most likely ones: aggression with conventional weapons against areas of no vital importance or guerrilla warfare combined with political subversion. Against such attacks NATO would apparently have no defense but a strategy based on the use of

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tactical atomic weapons, the very employment of which would threaten to unleash all-out atomic war.

OF MORE consequence than these signs of perturbation, however, was the government announcement in March, 1955, that Colonel Bogislaw von Bonin had been dismissed from his post in the Blank Office (Defense Ministry) for reportedly soliciting outside support for a strategical plan of his own after it had been rejected by his superiors. The Bonin plan was an undisguised attack on the NATO concept of mobile strategy and, by implication, on the December decision of the NATO Council. Bonin argued that the forward shield planned by NATO, of which the projected twelve German divisions would be a part, was an "offensive force." By this he did not imply that it intended to take the initiative in attacking through the Iron Curtain, but rather that it was offensive-minded. If attacked, it would conduct itself in a manner intended to preserve its capabilities for counterattack at the appropriate moment. It would recoil, with the result that the attacking force would penetrate deep into West Germany at the very outset of war. Its hit-and-run tactics would, moreover, deliver Germany over to the horrors of atomic destruction, not only because they would involve western atomic weapons but also because the attacking force would be compelled to resort to the *ultima ratio* in order to protect itself against the massive NATO counter-thrust which it knew was planned to carry the war back into the attacker's territory.

The Bonin Plan

West Germany could not be expected to raise an army, Bonin said, in the service of a strategic concept that made the country's destruction inevitable if war came. The only strategy that would make sense to German youth was one that offered a possible escape from this fate. Such a strategy must be purely defensive, and it must envisage unconditional defense at the zonal border. Bonin suggested, therefore, the creation of a defensive zone thirty miles wide, running down the whole length of the frontier. Within this zone, powerful and mobile anti-tank units (*Sperrverbande*) would operate, meeting any attack with an all-out defense that would be extremely costly to the enemy. They would be supported by six armored divisions capable of sealing off breakthroughs. The force required would comprise some 150,000 men. It would be a purely German force, operating separately from NATO units, which would be withdrawn beyond the Rhine. It would, moreover, be exclusively composed of professional volunteer soldiers.

The Bonin plan was immediately supported by the *Allgemeine Zeitung's* Adelbert Weinstein, not because it offered security to Germany —not even Bonin claimed that for it —but because it was an alternative to the plans of the NATO strategists, who, Weinstein said, didn't really believe that West Germany could be defended even after its divisions were raised, but were relying on a policy of deterrents by threat of retaliation—a threat that might not deter the Russians at all. There was a chance that Bonin's plan might do so, since "it powerfully increased the risks for the Soviets in the event of a land attack."

Reaction from SHAPE

The Bonin incident and the discussion it aroused seem to have disturbed SHAPE, and some attempt was made to allay German fears. In April, Lieutenant General Anthony C. McAuliffe, Commander of the U.S. Army in Europe, made a speech in Bonn that sought to answer Bonin without mentioning him by name. Dilating on the strength of the U.S. Seventh Army in West Germany, McAuliffe said that in the event of a Soviet attack it now planned to defend every inch it held. "I do not suggest," the General added, "that we can with present forces defend Western Germany against an all-out attack. I do suggest that we no longer propose to double-time back to the Rhine River and I can guarantee that we are now able to make an act of aggression against Western Germany a very costly venture."

The speech was singularly free of references to mobility and elasticity. A month later, in a speech at Bad Godesberg, General Gruenther, with what appeared to be an oblique reference to Bonin, emphatically rejected the idea that NATO was an aggressive organization; he too stressed the fact that NATO now had the strength to make aggression from the east a very costly business.

The impact of these speeches was probably somewhat reduced by the fact that McAuliffe spoke of the effectiveness of tactical atomic weapons with an enthusiasm that could hardly have been shared by the Germans in his audience, while Gruenther was forced to admit that, for all NATO's strength, it might not be able to protect "certain areas" from invasion.

Operation CARTE BLANCHE

The speeches might nevertheless have reassured the German people if they had not been followed so closely by Operation CARTE BLANCHE. The great air maneuvers that bore this name were held at the end of last June. Their objective was to gain experience and to test theories concerning offensive and defensive capabilities in the event of atomic attack by a tactical air force against military targets—especially airfields and stations, their sources of supply and their communications systems. Eleven NATO nations participated and more than three thousand planes took part. These forces were divided to form two "enemy forces." To provide enough space for realistic maneuvers, the zone in which they operated against each other ran north-south rather than east-west, and included the Low Countries, part of France, and the whole of the Federal Republic.

Planning for the exercises had extended throughout the previous year. Why they were held precisely when they were is still a mystery. It has been suggested that the June date was chosen in hopes that an impressive show of air strength on the very eve of the Geneva "Summit" Conference would intimidate the Russians and make them more anxious to reach an accommodation with the West. If this is true, the calculation was a bad one. The only people intimidated by CARTE BLANCHE were the Germans.

With a little judicious advance publicity, this might have been avoided. As it was, the first news the Germans had of CARTE BLANCHE

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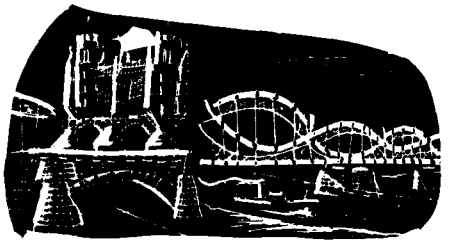
came in German newspaper reports that 335 atomic bombs had been "dropped" in the crowded space between Hamburg and Munich, and that—according to unofficial calculations—1,700,000 Germans had been "killed" and 3,500,000 "wounded," not counting possible casualties from radiation. These alarming figures began to appear in highly colored press accounts in July, when a not very enthusiastic Bundestag was being asked to take the first step toward raising the new German army by passing a bill authorizing the recruitment of six thousand volunteers.

The Debate Is Joined

In the course of the first day's debate Erich Ollenhauer, chairman of the Social Democratic Party which has consistently opposed West Germany's membership in NATO, opened his attack on the bill by referring to newspaper accounts of the air exercises. He then recalled Adenauer's statement in the Bundestag in March to the effect that NATO membership would prevent Germany's becoming a battlefield. "How insubstantial that declaration looks now," he said, "in the light of the observations and experience of the present air maneuvers!" On that same day, Fritz Erler, the party's expert on military affairs, told supporters of the government's NATO connection: "Security is perhaps the only thing you will *not* attain with this military organization."

If CARTE BLANCHE had caused concern only to the Socialists, the government would probably not have felt called upon to answer these arguments. But people inside and outside the Bundestag were now saying that the air exercise showed that NATO was interested only in blowing up Germans and that, instead of spending nine billion Deutsche marks (more than two billion dollars) on an armament program that would not defend Germany, it would be better to spend that sum on civil air defense. In the circumstances, the government felt it necessary to make an effective rejoinder. In the debate on the third reading of the Volunteers Bill it not only threw Defense Minister Theodor Blank into the breach but also availed itself of the talents of Atomic Affairs Minister Franz Josef Strauss.

In this debate, which was largely given over to a discussion of the strategic problem, Blank gave a brief description of the CARTE BLANCHE exercises but pointed out that it was too soon to draw any conclusions



from them. However, he added, the one conclusion that must *not* be drawn, then or later, was that the destructive power of atomic bombs made it hopeless or unnecessary to raise land troops. After all, tests in the Nevada deserts had shown that well-protected and -dispersed troops could expect to survive atomic attack from the air. "Where are we going to get the deserts?" a Socialist deputy shouted at this point. Herr Blank did not answer this question.

Bundesminister Strauss's speech was a curious concoction of evasions and promises that all would be well so long as no one tried to alter existing plans. A failure on the part of West Germany to meet its commitments under the Paris Treaty, he said, would be faithless and inexpedient; failure to raise conventional forces would simply mean that atomic weapons would have to be used immediately on the outbreak of war (a singular statement in view of the December decision of the NATO Council); an increase in conventional forces, by the addition of the German contingents, might on the other hand advance the coming of atomic disarmament. In any case, West Germany's contribution to NATO would increase the effectiveness of that organization, and because of this West Germany would have "the right of influencing NATO plans in the light of German interests."

The Louisiana Exercise

Last December the Social Democrats once more formally interpellated the government concerning the lessons drawn from the maneuvers. In the same week Hanson W. Baldwin of the New York *Times*, who had been observing the elaborate Army-Air Force Exercise SAGE BRUSH that had just been held at Camp Polk, Louisiana, concluded from this "almost frightening experience" that "even a so-called tactical nuclear war would cause vast devastation" and "probably could not be limited, at least in any heavily populated or industrialized areas." This was hardly the most comforting thing the Germans had heard.

A Hamburg weekly pointed out a few days later that the most startling revelation of Exercise SAGE BRUSH was the inadequacy of radar observation in the defense. At the height of the maneuvers, enemy aircraft penetrated the defenders' positions virtually undetected and, within forty minutes of the beginning of the attack, "dropped" the atomic equivalent of 400,000 tons of TNT and destroyed fifty per cent of the defending force, eighty per cent of its airbases, and half of its aircraft. Americans could of course derive some reassurance, the journal continued, from the thought that Soviet planes would have a long way to go before they reached the United States and that there would be more warning of attack than was possible in Louisiana. West Germany, however, is not so conveniently remote from Soviet bases as Louisiana.

The conclusions drawn by German commentators from the European and American maneuvers may well be erroneous, but that does not reduce their importance. It seems clear, for instance, that what appear to be the lessons of SAGE BRUSH have weakened the effect of the NATO Council's announcement, after its meeting last December, that an all-out effort must now be made by the member governments to construct a unified air-warning system of all Europe. Logically, this should appeal to all those Germans who after CARTE BLANCHE were insisting that more attention must be paid to air defense. But they have now fallen prey to new doubts. Even if there is such a thing as a completely effective warning system (which the Louisiana experience makes dubious) and even if radar search centers should be established along the line of the Iron Curtain (which is

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strategically impracticable), what advantages, they ask, would West Germany derive from the two or three minutes of warning which would be all that could be provided? The bombs would fall on Hamburg and Frankfurt in any case.

Strategic Blind Alley

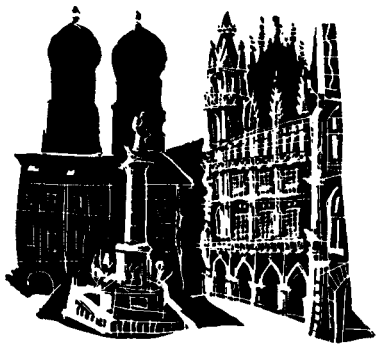
It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that an increasing number of West Germans are beginning to feel that by joining NATO they have blundered into a strategic blind alley; and this feeling seems to be reflected in a pervasive lack of enthusiasm for NATO. In January, Minister for Atomic Affairs Strauss accused his fellow countrymen of trying to live in a dream world and said that it was high time they faced up to their responsibilities to their allies. The speech has had no perceptible effect. The rearmament program is still bogged down and, while the government hopes to persuade the Bundestag, before the end of March, to pass the conscription bill without which the Republic's contingent to NATO cannot be raised, it is by no means certain that it will succeed. Meanwhile, with considerable popular backing, Finance Minister Fritz Schäffer has been objecting to further financial contributions to the support of those NATO units which, in the absence of a German army, have been protecting the country.

Lack of enthusiasm is not, to be sure, as serious as outright opposition, but there is evidence that this too is increasing. It did not take Bonin long after his dismissal to begin preaching that the Federal Republic should break its NATO connection completely, since it did not provide military security and, by antagonizing the Russians, reduced the possibility of reunification. Bonin's reputation has been somewhat dimmed by the curious political course he has steered over the past year, but his following is not inconsiderable. Nor is he alone in arguing for freedom from alliances. With startling candor, Adelbert Weinstein wrote recently that the people of West Germany would like to see NATO become so strong in air power and atomic weapons that "it could guarantee Germany's security without our having to belong to it militarily. Otherwise, the way to reunification remains blocked."

Explosion on the Rhine

But perhaps the most disturbing sign of growing opposition to NATO is the behavior of the Free Democratic Party. Until recently a loyal member of the Adenauer coalition, the party kicked over the traces last month and joined with the Social Democrats to unseat the Christian Democratic government in North Rhine-Westphalia. By this stroke, it not only destroyed the Chancellor's two-thirds majority in the upper house of the Federal Parliament (thus jeopardizing the fate of all future military legislation) but threatened his control of the Bundestag as well.

The explosion in the Rhineland may well mark the beginning of the end of Adenauer's long-unchallenged control of West German politics. While personal and domestic factors played an important part in bringing it about, it would be a mistake to overlook the differences on



foreign policy involved. As long ago as the CARTE BLANCHE maneuvers of last year, Dr. Thomas Dehler, the chairman of the Free Democrats, was showing uneasiness about the NATO connection. At that time he wrote to Adenauer urging him to approach the western Allies on the possibility of revising the Federal Republic's treaty ties in such a way as to restrict its obligations "to the strictest needs of security and self-defense" and to "allay the Soviet Union's fears for its security."

Dehler is a master of the ambiguous phrase, but his recent statements about the necessity of opening bilateral negotiations with Moscow have left little doubt concerning his willingness to abandon NATO if such a step would promote reunification, and the young insurgents of his party in Düsseldorf have used plainer language in expressing the same idea. If the co-operation between the Free Democrats and Socialists which produced the startling upset in North Rhine-Westphalia develops into a political alliance on a national level, Bonn's foreign policy may undergo radical revision, for the Socialists also favor direct negotiations with Moscow and are much more critical of NATO than Dehler's party is.

The Soviets Turn the Screw

The most interesting question of the immediate future is how the Soviet Union will seek to take advantage of the new situation in West Germany. That the Soviets wish to break the Republic's tie to NATO has long been clear, and at Geneva they took the line that only a European security pact superseding all existing alliance systems would make possible a fruitful approach to the problem of German reunification.

At the January meeting of the Warsaw Treaty powers in Prague this argument was repeated, and a further proposal was made for a "special zone of restriction" which would include both parts of Germany and in which the use of atomic weapons would be banned and all armaments controlled. In his speech at Prague, Foreign Minister Molotov, in words obviously aimed at the West Germans, intimated that western refusal to consider these suggestions would perpetuate the division of Germany. By way of illustration he stated that western rearmament of the Federal Republic was the sole reason for the establishment of a "national people's army" in East Germany.

Since the Prague meeting, the Soviets have conducted a skillful war of nerves, on the one hand pressing the West Germans to enter into negotiations with the East German government, and on the other by letting it be known that the "people's army" is growing in strength and is already holding atomic maneuvers—suggesting that the Federal Republic had better negotiate before it is too late.

There is an understandable resistance in West Germany to negotiat-

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ing with the satellite German government on equal terms, and an equally understandable fear that talks with it might be the first step in the Bolshevization of all Germany. It would be foolhardy, however, for western statesmen to assume that this resistance can be regarded as permanent. Molotov's arguments were certainly not without effect in West Germany; and people who believe that western tactics make reunification impossible are apt to argue that it is time the Germans acted for themselves, even if they have to run risks in doing so.

Moreover, if the West Germans remain stubborn about negotiating with East Germany, the Soviet Union can always fall back on the kind of bilateral negotiations between Bonn and Moscow that the Free Democrats and the Socialists seem to want.

Their present attitude may, indeed, be nothing but a ruse designed to strengthen the desire in West Germany for such talks and to create a favorable atmosphere in which they can come forward with a new and irresistible offer that in the end would give them the kind of neutral Germany they proposed at Geneva and Prague. After all, as Jens Daniel said in *Der Spiegel* last month, the Soviets may be much less interested in the prospect of Bolshevizing Germany than they are in destroying NATO. If so, "They would roll over us more effectively with an offer that surprised us by its reasonableness than they could with tanks."

In view of all this and in the light of the sudden decline of Adenauer's fortunes, the planners at SHAPE would be well advised not to take too much comfort from the ceremony at Andernach and not to count too heavily on the twelve divisions the Germans have promised to enter in NATO's order of battle.

(This article is based substantially on the author's chapter on "NATO and the New German Army," which will appear in the symposium Military Policy and National Security, *to be published for the Center of International Studies, Princeton University, by the Princeton University Press.)*

VIEWS & REVIEWS

MOVIES: King, Clown, Maniac, and Monk

ROBERT BINGHAM

There is at at least one major drawback to the commercial benevolence that brought Sir Laurence Olivier's splendid film of *Richard III* to the nation's TV screens the same day it opened to the general public in a theater. True, the General Motors people paid for enough TV time to allow the long picture to run full length without cuts. True also, it was seen by a lot of people around

the country who might otherwise never have had the chance. The trouble is that a lot of other people who might have put on their hats and coats and gone out to see it on a bigger screen will not bother to do so now, more's the pity. The color and costuming, the Renaissance pageantry of the production, by far its strongest points, must have been stunted beyond recognition for even those who are fortunate enough to possess color sets, and of course these qualities scarcely came through at all in black and white. There are some things that can still be done best in an old-fashioned movie house, especially with Technicolor and VistaVision. If you missed Olivier's "Richard III" on television, take heart.

The abundance of titled talent in the cast is almost oppressive. Like the prodigal Casey Stengel, Olivier's line-up is full of players who would probably be batting in the clean-up spot on any other team. Sir John Gielgud and Sir Cedric Hardwicke pass almost unnoticed in minor roles. Pamela Brown, who is capable of showing an audience some fine acting, shows almost nothing but her décolletage as the obliging Jane Shore.

One should give full honors, however, to Claire Bloom, who makes Lady Anne's passion for the man she hates as convincing as anyone could, and to Sir Ralph Richardson, who as Buckingham picks up the action just as it is beginning to bog down a little near the two-hour mark and sends it briskly on its way to the finale before he meets his ironic end. Sir Ralph may very well be the finest actor in Britain today. He might even have made a better Richard than Olivier.

Perhaps that is an unnecessarily unkind remark to make in the presence of Sir Laurence's powerful performance as star, producer, and director. But since the play belongs almost entirely to Richard, Olivier must accept whatever quibbles there may be about its success along with the great credit that is undoubtedly due him. To put it bluntly, Olivier plays his part for laughs during the first hour or so and then looks a little foolish at the end when he tries to arouse pity for a hero's downfall. The suavely satanic asides

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—voice breaking and eye rolling—are indeed funny and may even be good theater in the short run. But in getting those easy laughs early, he throws away something that he needs badly later on, the self-destroying malevolence that could give tragic meaning to his death.

Of course the difficulties in the characterization of Richard lie in large measure with the man who wrote the play, by no means his best, and Olivier is not to be scolded too hard for giving the part a shape he felt he could handle. As he did with "Henry V," he has created a pageant for the eye and the ear. The plot of "Richard" doesn't lend itself to this treatment quite so easily, but again the pageant is magnificent.

Defending Danny

Three first-rate comedies are currently going the rounds—an American, a British, and a French one—that would surely provide a wealth of data for any acute social scientist who happened to be working up a theory on what makes a nation's sense of humor unique. Stay in your seats; it is done already! What follows is a clinical record of the precise metabolic and emotive reactions of one endomorphic male sample (born in Lima, Ohio, of untainted parents) who volunteered to expose himself to the pictures in a controlled experiment. It's all simply a question of what part of you the laughter begins in, our analysand concludes.

At the American picture, Paramount's "The Court Jester" with Danny Kaye, he laughed out loud and hard twenty-three times, the impetus proceeding, according to the written protocol he has presented, from the viscera and spreading upwards through and beyond the solar plexus contagiously. It may be significant that when our volunteer tries to explain what made him laugh, it doesn't sound very funny at all except to those who have watched Mr. Kaye perform in the past and are really laughing at their own recollections. (Illustration: "He's going to do this Spanish dance, see—you know, like flamenco—and he stands there real straight for a long time with his heels together telling about this dance he's going to do and making sad Spanish faces over the guitar music, and then he lifts up his foot the way they do and brings it down bang! like that and then he screams 'Owwwwwww!' and goes limping around the place like he's broken three toes." Subject seized by convulsions.)

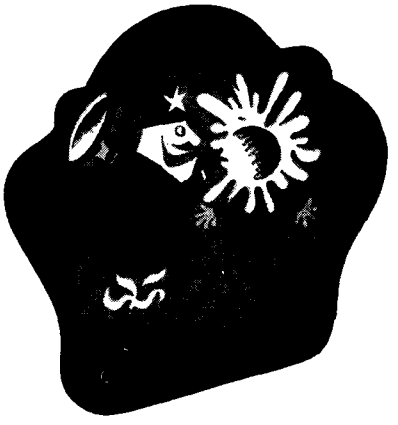
MR. KAYE is a clown—and a great one—rather than a comedian. That is to say, he traffics in sheer nonsense rather than in the building

up of amusing situations that move inevitably toward some sort of dramatic climax. The whole story of "The Court Jester" is absurd, a wildly improbable distortion of the medieval romance, complete with a delightfully ineffectual wicked king (Cecil Parker), assorted wicked nobleman (headed by Basil Rathbone), an absent-minded witch (Mildred Natwick), a colossally beefy opponent for Mr. Kaye at the jousting tournament whose full name apparently is the Grim and Gruesome Sir Griswold (Robert Middleton), and a fair lady alternately in and out of distress (Glynis Johns). Our volunteer wants it to be noted that Miss Johns's voice is winsomely corrupt like that of a sleepy barmaid. He says there's a swell part where she tells the wicked old king she doesn't mind letting him kiss her because she's pretty sure the scourge that killed all the other members of her family probably isn't catching anyway.

Admiring Alec

At the British movie, "The Ladykillers," the volunteer laughed more often but not so hard, and he says that during some of the parts that seem funniest to him as he looks back on them he didn't laugh at all but just smiled and felt good. When he did laugh, the attack began in his nose or throat and spread only a few times as far south as his rib cage. In this case when he describes what he saw, his listeners readily agree that it's funny. The picture is all about a gang of bank robbers who masquerade as a string quintet in a lodginghouse run by a sweet little old lady while they are bringing off what is surely one of the most consummately planned heists of the century. It all comes to naught, of course, because of their virtuous den mother.

Our observer claims that the star billing given to Alec Guinness, risible though he is, serves mainly as a shill to get the customers past the box office so they can enjoy the real star, Katie Johnson, a sweet little old lady of seventy-seven who makes everything the crooks do seem terribly funny, just by being a sweet little old lady of seventy-seven. Of course he liked Guinness, genteelly maniacal as the gang's leader, and he also singled out for praise the abovementioned Cecil Parker, appearing in this one as an elegant spiv who calls himself simply the Major, and Danny Green as a softhearted thug known as One-Round. There was



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also a parrot who rejoiced in the name of General Gordon, and two other birds whose names our endomorph didn't catch. But most of all he liked the old lady.

From all this emerges a hypothesis that witty situations and dialogue are the British forte, as opposed to gigantism, tall tales, and nonsense. The audience does most of its laughing after the joke is all over as the full realization of what has happened sinks in.

Pagnol in Provence

The French film, Marcel Pagnol's "Letters from My Windmill," brought tears to our subject's eyes nearly as often as it brought a chuckle to his lips. Moreover, he feels constrained in all honor to confess that he sometimes catches himself letting out a rather ostentatious snigger at French movies in hopes of making the people around him believe that he got it before the English subtitle came on, even when he didn't understand a word of the punch line. (It's the same *arriviste* urge that usually makes him say *shhh!* a little louder than anyone else when some poor fool applauds between movements at a concert.)

M. Pagnol has put together three Alphonse Daudet stories about the stubborn and lovable people of Provence. They aren't quite so stubborn or quite so lovable as the people who appeared in M. Pagnol's "César" trilogy, his "Baker's Wife," and his "Well-Digger's Daughter," and there certainly aren't any actors in it who could lay a glove on Raimu. But the goods are solidly put together and have worn well—canny priests, proud peasants, and straightforward joy in the pleasures of the flesh and the beauties of the land. The most diverting of the three episodes concerns the spiritual trials of a devout lay brother in a poverty-stricken monastery who finds that he is able to supervise the manufacture of a lucrative liqueur only by tasting the product liberally.

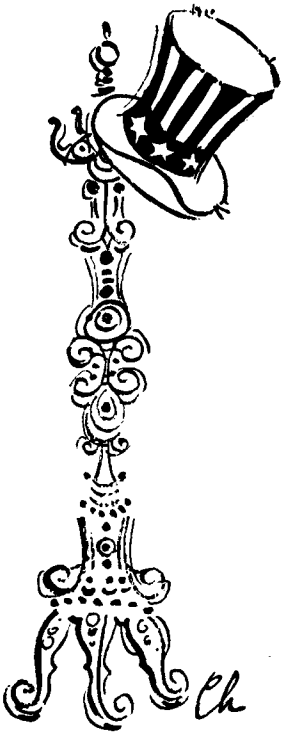
Humor, in the old meaning of the word, which had to do with the basic fluids and juices in human beings that make them behave the way they do—that's what hits a Frenchman where he lives. And the Pagnol film is richly full of humor.

CHANNELS:

Clearings in the Forest

MARYA MANNES

AFTER SEEING the second part of the "Constitution" trilogy on the CBS "Omnibus," three adults sighed as one: "I wish I had been taught that way." We were informed; we were stimulated; we were grateful. This time the TV Workshop of the Ford Foundation came through with a major contribution both to television and the expansion of the American mind, due in part to its choice of Boston lawyer Joseph N. Welch as master, not of ceremonies, but of sensibility. As those who saw him in the Army-McCarthy hearings know, he is a gifted and memorable actor. His face, so flexible, so civilized, can range in moments from dismay to benevolence, from amazement to chagrin. The only trouble with *that* performance two years ago was an intrusion of reality so deeply shocking to the man Welch that the actor Welch was crushed into passivity. You cannot mug with a monster.



But here on "Omnibus," with the high mandate to bring alive the Constitution of the United States, with the distinguished editing of the historian Richard Hofstadter, excellent actors, and superbly intelligent direction, Welch was a happy man doing what he liked best. No matter if the teleprompter lost him for a moment or so or if the transition from his words to those of the statesmen-ghosts were not always smooth; the Boston lawyer would merely share his fleeting bewilderment with a raised eyebrow and a confiding smile and proceed with his job: to explain how the Constitution evolved, whom it involved, what happened next, and why; to lead into living scenes where men of the past moved into range speaking the words they spoke or wrote at that young time of our history.

The three parts of this "Omnibus" series, presented on alternate Sundays beginning February 5, were called "One Nation," "One Nation Indivisible," and "With Liberty and Justice for All": the key words of the pledge of allegiance. Aside from the refreshment of memory this series has given us—memory of great words and brave acts, of wisdom under fire and wisdom prevailing to our lasting good—I think it has served three major purposes. The first was to show that the sovereignty of the United States could never have been achieved without

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the compromise of state sovereignty; the second that government cannot be constructively maintained and developed without the forceful expression of conflicting views; the third that our greatest men—such as Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Webster—combined knowledge and courage in equal degree, and that it was their views and their actions that prevailed, inevitably, over those of the ignorant, the violent, and the compromised.

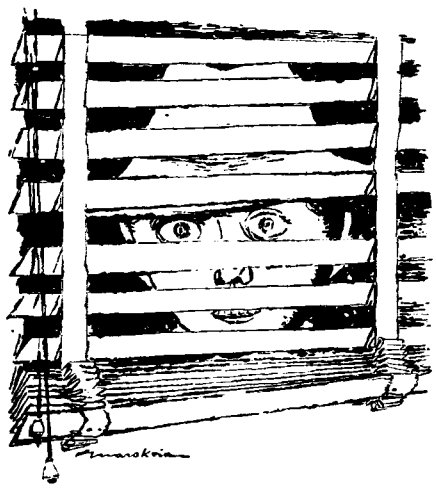
'Out of Darkness'

Television will chalk up another mark for itself March 18, when Irving Gitlin of CBS produces an hour-long documentary on mental illness that should have profound effect on those who see it. It is called "Out of Darkness," and it is the week-by-week study, by means of concealed cameras in a California mental institution, of a young woman called Doris who has retreated within herself to such a degree that she can neither speak nor respond to reality, and who is brought by her psychiatrist bit by bit, gesture by gesture, back into communication with the world. The picture will have a commentary spoken in part by Dr. Karl Menninger, of the famous Topeka clinic, and by Orson Welles, reading from an old book entitled *The Philosophy of Insanity*.

I saw the film before the commentaries were attached, and there are moments so dramatic and powerful exactly because of silence that I cannot imagine a commentary strengthening them. One sequence concerns an early visit of Doris to her analyst in the institution. He is sitting speaking to her slowly and simply, in words of comfort and understanding. She, young, dark, with a face that might be beautiful without the fragmentation of confusion, is standing apart from him, looking nowhere. After a while she begins to stroke her hair, smoothing it away from her contorted forehead.

"Would you like a comb, Doris?" asks the doctor. She says nothing. "I will put the comb on this table, Doris, and you can take it if you want to." Long pause, wholly in silence. "I know how hard it is to decide," says the doctor, "when you are afraid." Long pause, wholly in silence. It seems an almost unbearable eternity, with the camera moving from the comb on the table to Doris's clouded face before—with somnambulistic deliberation—Doris's hand is lifted from her side, her feet shuffle toward the table, and she picks up the comb and begins to comb her hair. This first response—so small, achieved with such pain—seems a triumph.

THE SECOND CLIMAX comes after many more visits and many more weeks of patient attention to Doris. Instead of standing away from the doctor or in a remote chair, she is now sitting on a hassock next to



him, still mute, still withdrawn. But she seems to be hearing as the doctor speaks to her. Suddenly she looks at the doctor's cuff links. The camera closes in on them and then on her slow and careful hand as it approaches the doctor's and then lifts it to examine a cuff link more closely. After another soundless eternity, one word issues from her lips—"Pretty!"—the first in a year of darkness, as jubilant as a fanfare.

To any who might question the good of presenting the private agony of a private person to the public at large, two excerpts from the remarkable book that serves as a framework and motive for "Out of Darkness" should be illuminating. The anonymous writer, a former mental patient in an asylum in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1860, says:

"For seventeen years I have been in communication with insanity, and for a long time I have been impressed with the idea that could this disease be rendered more familiar, and of course less repulsive to the public mind, its chance of being checked and subdued in the first stage would be much greater."

"Lunacy, like rain, falls upon the evil and the good; and although it must forever be a fearful misfortune, yet there is no more sin or shame in it than there is in rheumatism or a fever. Had I the certainty of an attack of insanity before me and the power to prescribe for myself, I would say, put me in a place where I can do no harm to myself or any other person; and let that place not be a prison in which penance must be undergone and punishment suffered, but let it be a place of refuge—an asylum."

Faith in Literacy

If you are at home on Saturday afternoons at six (EST) and Sunday mornings at eleven, take a look respectively at NBC's "Princeton '56" and CBS's "Camera Three." "Princeton '56," which is concerned with evaluating the American creative spirit in this half century, suffers from a certain academic formalism, but you do hear the words of writers like E. A. Robinson and T. S. Eliot and F. Scott Fitzgerald well read and intelligently discussed. "Camera Three" has won several distinguished awards for its flexible and imaginative use of the written word, ranging from Dostoevsky to Emily Dickinson and Walt Whitman.

A fairly new program called "Trio" on Sunday evenings at eight shares this faith in literacy by presenting James Mason and his wife Pamela and Richard Burton as they read from such works as Poe's "Tell-Tale Heart" and "The Fall of the House of Usher," and Browning's "Porphyria's Lover." "Trio" also testifies to the bravery of a smaller network, Dumont, in attempting to reach an audience glutted with variety shows at an hour when the big networks offer nothing else.

Whatever their intrinsic merits or faults, programs such as these three advance the belief that the product of the world's best minds and talents, past as well as present, is worth more than the frenzied efforts of a hundred television writers to produce new programs for every hour of the day.

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A Visit to the Home Of Robert Herrick

MARK VAN DOREN

IT BEGAN in Cambridge. The master of one of the oldest colleges, in the midst of a conversation about the changes that have come over England, the universities, and all of the modern world, said suddenly: "Lyric poetry, you know, is now a mere survival." I said I didn't know it, and he went on to still more dismal subjects. But the death of lyric poetry, evidently a grimmer possibility for me than for the master, since he seemed to forget what he had said and could not be drawn back into argument, was something I thought about for days.

Then I remembered Herrick, a lyric poet if anyone ever was, and I wished I had cited his case. For the poems of Herrick died, then lived again. His one book, *Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers,* actually two volumes bound in one, attracted little attention in 1648 when it was published, was ignored for the rest of its own century and for most of the one that followed, and was not reprinted until 1810. Since then, of course, it has enjoyed innumerable editions, and so many people know by heart so many of its delicious lines that its bibliography is almost incredible. Yet there it is, sufficient proof that a poet can be reborn.

Rosebuds out of Season

Doubtless in 1648 this poet whom we think we cannot do without looked like a mere survival of quiet, sweet days before the flood of revolution and civil war. Herrick was classical—he was a literary son of Ben Jonson, and through him of Horace, Martial, Ovid, and Catullus; also, he was a Royalist, faithful to King Charles I who in another year would lose his head; and worse yet he was a vicar in the Church of England, or he had been until the loss of his living a year earlier. Then he had come up from a remote village in Devon to publish in London the work of his life thus far. He was fifty-six and unemployed, and London, busy with becoming modern, had little interest in a book that should have been published twenty years before. It had no time for lyric poems, no ear for songs that might have been proper in some springtime of the world. Now it was hot summer—even wild autumn, even dead winter—and the gathering of rosebuds was a quaint game for children, not to be revived.

London was wrong then, judging by the remarkable way in which it reversed itself a century and a half later; and so, I told myself, it might be wrong now—or my friend in Cam-

bridge might, not to speak of all those in America who periodically announce the deaths of deathless things. We shall know the answer in time, I said—perhaps in a good deal of time—but meanwhile, what about a trip to Dean Prior, in Devon, where Herrick had his living, and where he inhabited, by the testimony of at least a dozen poems, so very small a house that the very weather of three hundred years might have worn it all away? The church, however, would be there, and the meadows where Herrick walked, and the modest streams beside whose banks he witnessed the brief careers of flowers:

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon.

The Classicist in Devon

So on a windy, showery day in late September we drove down. I admitted all the way that such a visit made no special sense. It is never necessary to be in body where a poet was in mind; furthermore, since he was a highly trained artist, Herrick had continued to see in Devon what Horace and Ben Jonson had taught him to see in Rome and London, and what this was we can see for ourselves in his perfect poems, which could have been written anywhere on earth once their creator was free of the earth as only art could free him. Further still, he hated Devon. Or he said he did. For him it was a place of exile, days or weeks away from the streets and courts of the capital in which he was born. A goldsmith's son and then a student of law, and after that a poet whose pieces got into the best contemporary collections, he had been forced at forty to accept this distant benefice if he was to live at all.

But like Swift, who said he had been sent to Dublin "to die like a rat in a hole," Herrick affected to despise Dean Prior. Perhaps he really did; doubtless no brilliant people were there, and his epigrams describe some dreadfully unattractive habits in certain yeomen of the vicinity. It was a dull place, he said, and loathsome. He was an old bachelor, again like Swift; and like Swift too he was possessed of a wit that would never let him *seem* to be pleased with where he was.

I have always supposed that he did like Devon after all, with an affection such as strong men can still have for life when it has lost its strangeness. Nevertheless he might well have said: "For God's sake, don't come down. My little house is less than nothing, and the one maid I have is but a country maid —a good girl, but no manners." This would be Prudence Baldwin, whom several of his poems celebrate and whom he must have warmly liked. He wouldn't have expected us, I thought, to take him at his word and stay away.

Also, he says, he had his mistresses. Julia, Anthea, Perilla, Perenna, Lucia, and the rest—their Latin names can make us wonder if they were any more than literary relatives of Horace's Lydia and the Lesbia of Catullus. Not that they were therefore less real: The liquefaction of Julia's clothes, the sweet disorder in another's dress, the state-

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ly hair of still another when she was costumed to his liking—these are realities for us at any rate, and for all we care the ladies lived.

Exile and Secret Poetry

This man must have had many secrets, not the least of which was that he wrote verses. Who else in Dean Prior knew? The vicar was a huge, ugly man with a hooked nose and a mop of curly black hair that fitted his head like a wrestler's cap. Who then, seeing him every day, would have guessed the delicacy of his musician's touch, the cunning of his mind when he set out to carve the lyrics that will keep their shape forever? His passion was poetry, there can be no doubt of that; and if he loved a dozen girls he loved as many poets quite as fondly, and wore them in his inmost heart where he worshiped them either in the direct way of praise or in the devious way of imitation.

Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun?
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.

He never forgot his English master who would permit no falseness in the note, no dullness in the file, and who himself, despite his brutal size and his bully manners, had written "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

The richest of Herrick's secrets may have been the art he continued to practice in the desert of Devon as if he were still a free citizen of poetry's entire world, resolving never to falter or to let his craft decay, and finding subjects where no subjects ought to be. For here they were after all, in the purlieus of his exile: brooks, fields, and country wassails, and a rosebush by a rock, along with the high color in Perilla's cheeks, and the importunity of desire, and (alas!) the signs in him of old age when performance was to be outlived; and the meannesses, some of them quite filthy, that he found in his parishioners, whom he railed at in a hundred epigrams—copied, to be sure, out of Martial—now often dropped from chaste editions of his work, to our loss and to his. For nothing human was alien to this man, and he put everything into the book he took to London when he thought his exile was over.

It was not over; he was to return when another Charles was king and was to spend twelve more years in Devon before he died at eighty-three—for all we know without again touching pen to paper, though it may be that the poems of his old age were buried with him.

Even before he left, however, he had written *Noble Numbers* as well as the *Hesperides,* and the printer bound both books together. *Noble Numbers,* the religious one, is no less happy than the other, and no less wonderful. Perhaps his very deepest secret was the way he could pass in the same hour from pagan fantasy to

sober meditation, just as he could entertain at the same instant, or at least with the same mind, the hue of violets and the foulness of some yokel's breath. Like Swift again (Swift's mother, it may be time to say, was born a Herrick, or Erick as it was spelled in her family), he shrank from dirt—perhaps too far and too fastidiously. Yet no one who has read every word of him will wish him different. We are glad he left no manuscripts behind him when he took the long ride to London. We can only wonder how many of his neighbors knew about the book when he came back, a man of seventy-one, to resume his ways and walks. "There he goes, the poet parson. What is he thinking now?" We can hope that the secret was well kept until the end.

A Little Verse in Dean Prior

Dean Prior, when we found it on that dripping day, had no appearance of a literary shrine. England is rich in these, and can afford to leave the tally incomplete. For me at least it was just as well; I preferred to find my way alone—past the thatched village, then another mile along the Plymouth highway until Herrick's church, gray and unprepossessing, showed up among some wet trees on the left.

We entered its yard by a rusty gate and walked between weeds to a door that few strangers ever enter. Inside, the spectacle was neat but poor; no splendor anywhere, and little color except in a modern window above the altar which was to be sure a Herrick window, with his gross likeness in one of its lower corners and some fragments of his verse curling in ribbons across the whole design. I was more touched by a card hung on a pillar, saying in effect that we who had come here because Robert Herrick once was vicar were entreated to pray for the present incumbent and his living people.

As I turned to see what the rear wall was like, I read these four lines on a piece of wood that I think the present incumbent must have put there, for it bore no marks of age:

In this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin, once my maid,
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

Not that Herrick himself had ever seen this best of all his epitaphs in place. Prue did not die until 1678, four years after her master was lowered into his grave outside the church. We shall never know why he wrote the lines: whether in affection, or to see if he could, or because the subject of them had requested that he do so—even, on some winter evening, dared him to. In any case their art is such that they contain as in a tiny glass the essence of both the poet and the maid.

A young woman was playing the organ, and when she stopped she informed us that the vicar was

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away in Exeter for the day. She only practiced here, she said. And where was Herrick's house? Why, just across from the gate we had come in by. She was going there now, and she would take us. I said I had thought it too big, and she laughed. "Oh, other vicars have enlarged it. But Herrick's part *was* little—you can see —I live in that."

It was quite as he had described it, at least as regards dimension. A few boxes of rooms, and out of one door a miniature garden, no longer well kept. Here Herrick had hidden for thirty years, here prayed, here eaten, and here relished versing, as George Herbert puts it. Here he had been tended by Prue; here he was called on by persons of the parish who perhaps had found him strange at first; here, sitting alone, or it may be with some companion who was in on his secret, upon occasion he raised his glass in a toast to those long dead who were his bosom friends, the lyric poets who for him were not dead after all, or mere survivals either.

One of his finest poems is such a toast, bearing the infectious title "To Live Merrily and to Trust to Good Verses."

Then this immensive cup
Of aromatic wine,
Catullus, I quaff up
To that terse Muse of thine.

Sudden Phrases . . .

To trust to good verses. That would have been his answer to anyone who asked him how important lyric poetry was in those terrible times. Perhaps all times are terrible, but some are clearly so, and they are the very ones when we should drink to the imperishable line, the music that nothing muffles.

If Herrick were here now and we asked him how much chance our poetry had to be remembered in the future, it would be his right to ask in turn: "What poetry have you got?" And he would examine what we showed him with a view to the perfection of its sound and sense. Perfection, that is to say, if any. For perfection is a rare commodity, as he knew better than most men. It appears but here and there; almost never in whole poems, though that is possible too; more probably in the sudden witty, sweet phrase that labor and good luck have generated between them.

It was such phrases, such turns of thought, that made him tremble when he found them, either on the paper before him or in the volumes of his masters. Nothing mattered to him more. And if when he published his own book he admitted many pieces he knew to be imperfect, I fancy it was for a human reason that I like in him as much as I like the best of his poetry: He was fond of the places or the persons they were about. He trusted us to find the pure gold on the other pages, as indeed we have. The best-known poems of Herrick are the best. They tend to be the best, too, of their kind in any language.

. . . and the Hidden Mind

They are so good, I sometimes think, that criticism is at a loss before them. Criticism now, at any rate. For we have fallen out of love with lightness, we are worried by a poet's wit. As critics we prefer the solemn or confused author whose mind it is easy to enter because in despair he has left it open. The better artist conceals his mind, as he wants us to conceal ours, in the service of a third thing, the subject, which stands between us and which he would convert into a product—a poem in the present case—more interesting than either him or us. In proportion as any poet approaches this goal he is perfect, he is classic. Or to put it bluntly, he is successful.

But criticism shies these days from the spectacle of success. Shakespeare and Mozart, who really finished their thought and left it to be ours if we can take it, are seldom considered in terms of their success. Their blazing triumphs are hardly ever looked at face to face and talked about with the courage that living with masterpieces requires. So Horace, whose select and rare felicity is one of the few things worth a critic's attention, is assumed instead of discussed. And Herrick, his faultless pupil, is passed over for the very reason that in so many poems he was perfect—which is the precise place for criticism to begin. Not that it is easy to go on from there. It is almost as difficult to talk well about a good poem as it is to write one. Yet we can try.

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The Soviet Invasion Of Our Concert Halls

ROLAND GELATT

In the concert halls of America, this has been the season of the Soviet invasion. After a drought lasting a quarter century, during which not one new Russian virtuoso came to this country, we have again been visited by musicians whose careers were formed on the Odessa-Moscow-Leningrad circuit. This *rapprochement* turned out more favorably than anyone would have dared prophesy. Instead of pickets, enraptured audiences greeted the Soviet artists wherever they appeared. Their concerts almost invariably were played to sold-out houses and their recordings are now high on the best-seller lists.

Some of this fervor can undoubtedly be ascribed to curiosity, to the simple interest in seeing an honest-to-goodness Soviet citizen in the flesh. But most of the excitement was of strictly musical provenance. American audiences like the way Russians make music. Heifetz, Horowitz, and Piatigorsky—all born and trained in Russia—are the acknowledged box-office leaders on their instruments. Indeed, ever since the great tour of Anton Rubinstein in 1872-1873, we have looked upon Russia as a prime source of musical talent. For more than two decades that source was dry. Nathan Milstein, who made his American debut in 1930, was the last new Russian artist of consequence to arrive here until the debut of Emil Gilels twenty-five years later.

The Gilels and Oistrakh Visits

The invasion began early last October, when Gilels—a squat, copper-haired pianist who looks very much younger than his thirty-nine years—made his first appearances with the Philadelphia Orchestra. He played the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto with an adroit mixture of pianistic fireworks and musical poetry that brought a cheering audience to its feet and roused the critics to superlatives. In his later concerts Gilels did not invariably make such a stunning impact, but there was no doubt in anyone's mind that he belonged in the very top echelon of piano virtuosos.

The visit of Gilels, it is generally believed, was in the nature of a test to determine our receptivity to Soviet musicians. As soon as it became clear that the Gilels tour was to be an unpicketed success, word came from Moscow that the most celebrated of all Soviet musicians, the forty-seven-year-old violinist David Oistrakh, would make his American debut in mid-November. He, too, was greeted by enthusiastic audiences and lauded by the critics. But there were many of us who felt that Gilels was the more interesting and rewarding performer. Oistrakh played with fastidious technical precision but in an aloof and rather uncommitted manner; his performances were faultless and also a little dull. Although Gilels was not quite as finger-perfect on his instrument, he conveyed a sense of personal expression and involvement that made his performances always absorbing.

There seems reason to believe that Gilels and Oistrakh will return to the United States next season and regularly thereafter, for the Soviet government has repudiated—at least temporarily—its former policy of artistic isolation and is now encouraging cultural relations with the West. Columbia Artists Management, which handles the Gilels-Oistrakh bookings, has even bought full-page ads in a music trade magazine announcing the hoped-for return of these two artists in 1957; and a dozen orchestras—among them the Philadelphia and New York Philharmonic-Symphony — are holding dates open on the assumption that they will be back.

Meanwhile, tours of other Soviet musicians are being arranged.

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If all goes well, the cellist Matislav Rostropovich will play several engagements here this spring. A guest-conducting tour by the composer Aram Khachaturian is also being rumored. And there seems no reason why the young violinist Leonid Kogan and the even younger pianist Eugene Malinin should not be visiting us before long; both won much praise during their appearances in London and Paris this winter.

Patriotic Thrift

To alert record collectors, of course, the high accomplishment of Soviet musicians is an old story. Since 1950, recordings by Oistrakh, Gilels, and others have been issued in profusion —and often in confusion too. Before attempting an evaluation of some of their recorded performances, it would be well to clarify the various sources from which discs by Soviet artists derive.

Although the Soviets have not—to the best of my knowledge—claimed the phonograph as a Russian invention, there has been a flourishing record industry there for more than fifty years. Exports of Soviet pressings have never amounted to much (at least not in the Western Hemisphere), but a few postwar sets of scratchy shellacs did manage to reach this country in the late 1940's, and these provided raw material for the first LPs by Soviet musicians published here in 1950.

The art of sound engineering in the U.S.S.R. was then about twenty years behind the times, and the American-made LPs that were dubbed from those shellacs sounded pretty dreadful—noisy, blatant, distorted. Most of the early LPs made from Soviet recordings were issued by Colosseum Records, a company which pays no royalties either to the Soviet agency that produces the recordings or to the artists involved. You will find on its record jackets the following statement: "No part of the proceeds from this recording enures to the benefits of the Union of Soviet Socialistic [*sic*] Republics, or any of its agents or representatives." The management of Colosseum claims that Soviet musicians are not allowed to receive record royalties and that the proceeds would be used to promote nefarious activity against the United States.

The Leasing Muddle

However that may be, the U.S.S.R. State Music Trust took a dim view of this unauthorized exploitation of Soviet recordings, and in 1952 that agency came to an agreement with the Leeds Music Corporation in New York City whereby Leeds was granted exclusive permission to lease Soviet recordings on a strict royalty basis to American record manufacturers. By that time Soviet recordings were being made on magnetic tape and were beginning to approach (though just barely) the postwar standards achieved by American and British engineers.

Leeds began circulating these tapes to manufacturers as quickly as they arrived from the U.S.S.R. and eventually concluded leasing arrangements with several independent labels—Concert Hall, Kingsway, Period, Vanguard, and Westminster among them. The jackets of each Soviet-derived LP published by these firms carries a note to the effect that the record is processed from "original master tapes" and is "the only authorized recording."

Meanwhile, Colosseum commenced issuing "unauthorized" LPs of the very same performances, and a confusion developed that is yet to be resolved. Colosseum's tapes are said to be "smuggled out of Soviet Russia," but beyond this vague statement the company will not go for fear of implicating some people "in an eminent position in the U.S.S.R." It seems hard to believe that the Soviet Union, with its supposedly efficient secret police, would countenance the continued theft and transmittal of these tapes to America, but the fact remains that Colosseum's catalogue of Soviet-made recordings contains some items not available on any other American label.

Leeds Music Corporation has challenged the authenticity of at least one record published by Colosseum, the Shostakovich Tenth Symphony, which is listed as performed by the "National Philharmonic Orchestra—Dmitri Shostakovich, conductor." When Leeds queried the composer about this recording, they got back a signed statement that "my Tenth Symphony was never performed under my conducting

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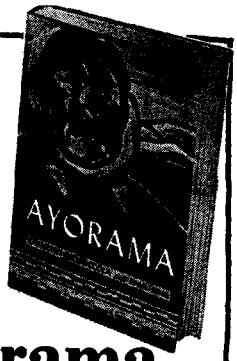

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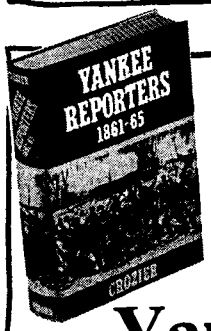

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either in the U.S.S.R. or abroad." The authorized Leeds recording of this symphony, issued on the Concert Hall label, is performed by the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra under Eugene Mravinsky—a delicate, poetic interpretation, rather dimly recorded.

The Leeds-Colosseum controversy may ultimately be decided in court. Record buyers can decide the issue on its musical merits, and in this respect the authorized Leeds versions win easily. Colosseum recordings continue in the main to be harsh and strident in sound; and though the LPs published from Leeds tapes are by no means the ultimate in high fidelity, they are almost always of a quality superior to Colosseum's.

Western Recordings

For really first-rate recorded performances by Soviet musicians, however, one must rely on recordings made in studios outside the U.S.S.R. Early in 1953, David Oistrakh was permitted to make a short concert tour in western Europe. He was approached then by several record companies and in the next two years made a number of important discs for Electric & Musical Industries, Ltd. (represented in the United States by Angel Records) and for Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft (represented here by Decca). Emil Gilels also paid several visits to EMI-Angel studios in Europe. More recently, both artists have made recordings in the United States—Gilels for Angel and RCA Victor, Oistrakh for Columbia and RCA Victor. In addition, coming soon from EMI-Angel is a series of LPs made by Leonid Kogan and Eugene Malinin.

The most widely circulated recording by a Soviet musician—the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1, performed by Gilels and the Chicago Symphony under Fritz Reiner (RCA Victor)—is also one of the very best. For several months it has been at the top of *Billboard's* list of best-selling classical LPs—and with good reason, since it is a brilliant interpretation brilliantly recorded. Even executives of companies with competing versions of this work have been heard to acknowledge that the Gilels-Reiner recording is in a class by itself. The Tchaikovsky Concerto has been staled by repetition, but Gilels makes one hear it anew in a fresh and altogether engaging way.

An equally impressive display of this pianist's interpretative gifts can be heard in his recording of the Mendelssohn Piano Concerto No. 1 with the U.S.S.R. State Orchestra conducted by Kiril Kondrashin (Concert Hall). He enunciates the rich melody of the Andante with a soulful intensity reminiscent of Rachmaninoff and then ripples off the concluding movement with enchanting delicacy. Although the recording tends to shatter in loud passages, it is not so bad as to be beyond the pale.

There is remarkable playing too in the Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto No. 3, which Gilels made in Paris with the Conservatoire Orchestra (Angel), but it does not in sum quite measure up to previous recordings of this work by Rachmaninoff himself and by Horowitz.

OISTRAKH is represented by a bewildering number of discs in the LP catalogue. In most of the standard (and some of the nonstandard) concertos, the perplexed record buyer will find Oistrakh recordings on three or four different labels. A good rule of thumb is to avoid the Soviet-made versions, for they are almost always afflicted with inferior sound. Of the four Oistrakh recordings of the Khachaturian Violin Concerto, for example, the best is the one taped in England with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by the composer (Angel). This gaudily effective work was dedicated to Oistrakh, and he plays it for all it is worth—which, after two or three hearings, is not much. Another and far more estimable piece of music dedicated to this violinist is the Sonata in F Minor by Prokofiev, a contemporary masterpiece which Oistrakh plays with great skill and comprehension. The Paris recording of 1953 with the pianist Lev Oborin (Vanguard) is slightly preferable to the Boston recording of 1955 with the pianist Vladimir Yampolsky (RCA Victor), Oborin being a more forceful musician than Yampolsky, but either of these discs is outstanding.

The latest work of which Oistrakh has been named dedicatee is the

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Shostakovich Violin Concerto, which he performed and recorded with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under Mitropoulos (Columbia) a few weeks after its Leningrad première. It has been fashionable recently to berate Shostakovich for not developing in the sardonic, *enfant terrible* vein of his appealing First Symphony, and certainly there have been occasions during the past fifteen years when it seemed as if the composer's career were obeying all too closely the law of diminishing returns. But lately there have been indications that he is pulling out of this creative decline, one of them being the Violin Concerto, a work that manages to be meaningful and individual even though written in the monumental and energetic style which infects so much contemporary Soviet composition and which is usually so drearily commonplace. Other instances of Shostakovich's revitalized music making can be found in the Preludes and Fugues, Op. 87, seven of which the composer has recorded (Concert Hall), and in the Fourth String Quartet, Op. 83 (Vanguard).

Leonid Kogan

To judge from recordings (which can sometimes be deceiving), Leonid Kogan is every bit as accomplished a violinist as Oistrakh and rather more interesting as a musical personality. He first came to international attention in 1951, when at twenty-seven he won first place in the Queen Elizabeth competition at Brussels. Since then he has played occasionally in western Europe.

Only a few Kogan recordings have been published in the United States, but in the next months several will be available on the Angel label. His performances of the Paganini Violin Concerto No. 1 and the Lalo *Symphonie Espagnole,* which I have sampled on the already published French pressings, are extremely impressive—technically assured, stylistically refined, and endowed with infectious ardor; he is accompanied in both by the Conservatoire Orchestra under the direction of Charles Bruck. Meanwhile, until these are released domestically, Kogan can be heard only on Soviet recordings, of which the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto with the U.S.S.R. State Radio Orchestra under Vassily Nebolsin (Kingsway) is as good as any.

The Bolshoi Opera

Until the Bolshoi Opera troupe ventures to Paris or London, or until western recording companies are allowed to work in Moscow, we must depend on Soviet sources for authentic recorded performances of the operatic literature stretching from Glinka to Rimsky-Korsakov and beyond. This is too bad, for Soviet opera recordings are often wanting in presence and balance. But the performances themselves have such power, despite what seems to be a prevailing lack of first-class sopranos in Russia, that one quickly forgets the inadequacies of the reproduction. The Bolshoi Theatre recording of Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame* (Concert Hall) is one of the most successful, and the score itself will appeal to anyone whose musical taste is not irremediably anti-Tchaikovsky. Borodin's *Prince Igor* (Period) is also well worth having, especially for the singing of the basso Mark Reizen in the role of Konchak. Unfortunately, not one of Prokofiev's seven operas has yet been recorded, and we must content ourselves with the dramatic cantata "Alexander Nevsky" performed by the U.S.S.R. State Radio Orchestra and Chorus (Westminster), one of the best-sounding recordings to come from the Soviet Union.

As LONG as the current honeymoon lasts between American audiences and Soviet musicians, we can expect to be offered more and more recordings by the young generation of Russian artists. All of them seem willing to perform before the microphone. Leeds Music Corporation regularly receives healthy allotments of recorded tapes, not only by the musicians discussed here but by such other well-regarded instrumentalists as the pianists Sviatislav Richter and Yakov Zak and the cellists Matislav Rostropovich and Sviatislav Knushevitzky. An entire musical culture lies waiting to be explored via the loudspeaker. The prospect to the record collector is akin to that moment in the theater just before the curtain rises. In this case the curtain has been made of iron, and its disappearance is all to the good.

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The Mocking Bird From Düsseldorf

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

HEINE: POET IN EXILE, by Antonina Vallentin. *Doubleday. $3.75.*

The story is told that during the Nazi occupation of Paris, German soldiers would stealthily visit the cemetery at Montmartre to lay blossoms on the grave of Heinrich Heine. It was strictly against regulations, of course; the poet was anathema to the Nazis on several counts: He was a Jew, and a Francophile, and he had a sense of humor. But more than a hundred years of Germans had been weaned on his songs, and some of them perhaps had even learned to look at themselves in the ruthless mirror of his *History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany*. The visits to the cemetery were tiny auguries of hope; the mocking bird from Düsseldorf could still cause some breaking of the ranks.

The reissuance of Antonina Vallentin's well-tempered biography renews our interest in that sparkling man, Heinrich (born Harry, and subsequently Henri) Heine. The changes of name are not without significance. He was a wandering Jew, but his migrations go much farther than from the Rhineland where he was born in 1797, to the Paris in which he died in 1856.

Heine grew up with Napoleonic troops in his native Düsseldorf. Perhaps his lifelong love affair with France began then, for Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité also meant the breaking up of feudal ghettos, the true emancipation of the Jews into modern times. To please his uncle Solomon, who was to be the poet's grouchy Maecenas for many years, Heine studied law. He even underwent a ceremony of baptism in the hope of securing a Prussian governmental appointment. But his real business was love—love of the world, a sensuous embrace quite Greek but with an altogether modern flick of irony, love of fair forms and fair sounds; the sea, the many Loreleis whom he could never resist: the necessary shipwrecks from which he always emerged encrusted with marvels.

Creature of Freedom

This love of life is more important in Heine, it seems to me, than any attempt at systematizing his random writings: it bubbles up through his most religious utterances, it underlies the vacillations of his political thought, it unifies his most grotesque contradictions. Visualize that beautiful blue-eyed young man whom Gautier had hailed as the German Apollo when he came to his New Jerusalem, Paris, after the July Revolution of 1830; fifteen years later he was to take to his "mattress grave," wasting away for a decade from a disease of the spine. And yet even then —Madame Vallentin beautifully describes the scene—the slow-dying poet would lift his paralyzed eyelid with a skeletal finger, and the clear blue wit would shine out of that eye, and the bird-like irony would wing from white lips. We must save our tears until after we have gone out the door. The invalid doesn't want our pity. So long as he had any senses at all, they said "Yes" to the world.

Apply this touchstone—think of Heine, whether he writes political journalism, literary essays, travel books, stories, always as poet, as one whose main business is evocation and celebration—and all the contradictions vanish. Even Karl Marx, encaged in his dialectic, knew that the poet was a creature of freedom. The two émigrés met in Paris in 1843, collaborating in the *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*. The father of Communism was twenty-six then, just married, with a furious beard and a furious sense of logic. Almost every day Heine would go to his friend's apartment, fish out a poem, and dialectic would wrestle with dreams. Marx wanted Heine to ". . . give up these everlasting complaints about love, show these poets

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how they ought to act; show them how to use a whip." Later, in *Vorwärts,* another journal of the German émigrés, Heine produced his whip. *"Wir weben, wir weben!"* he cried out in his "Silesian Weavers." "Germany, we are weaving your shroud."

The 'Gloomy Iconoclasts'

But when the poet drew back at the portals of Communism, Marx proved less Marxist than his successors: "One cannot judge poets by the standards applied to ordinary people, one must just let them follow their own bent, they are made that way." Socialist realism had not yet been invented.

In the preface to the French edition of *Lutèce* written in March, 1855, Heine explains his reluctance to enter the promised land: "I made this admission, that the future belongs to Communism, in an agony and fear which, alas, was not feigned. I think with horror of the time when these gloomy iconoclasts will arrive in power. Their horny hands will mercilessly smash the marble statues of beauty . . . my *Book of Songs* will be used by the grocer to make paper bags to hold coffee or snuff for the old women of the future. I foresee all this, and, alas, I am seized with unutterable sadness at the thought of the ruin with which the conquering proletariat threatens my poems, which will surely perish together with the old romantic world. And yet I frankly admit that this same Communism, so hostile to my interests and to my inclinations, exercises a charm upon me before which I am powerless. A terrible syllogism holds me in its grip, and, if I am unable to refute the premise 'that every man has the right to eat,' then I am forced to submit to all its consequences. From much thinking about it I am like to lose my reason . . ."

He didn't lose his reason, of course. His tensions released themselves in mockery. It is just this inability of any poet to remain imprisoned in "terrible syllogisms," to submit to inexorable consequences, that makes them so exasperating to more systematic thinkers.

So frequently Heine seems to take delight in undoing with a quip what he has just passionately affirmed. In his *Confessions,* he describes his return to belief in God after the skepticism of his youth: "I again bowed in homage to the almighty power of a Supreme Being, who directs the destinies of this world, and who for the future shall also regulate my earthly affairs. . . . This belief has also enabled me to practice great economies; for I need no longer provide either for myself or for others, and since I have joined the ranks of the pious I contribute almost nothing to the support of the poor. I am too modest to meddle, as formerly, with the business of Divine Providence."

In the poem "Tendency," he calls for a poetry of action, a lyricism of the hour: "Do not coo any more like Werther, who only glowed for Lotte. What the bell has tolled forth, say it to your people. Talk daggers, talk swords!" However he must end up with a sarcastic flipflop off the barricade: "But, in your verse, keep to generalities as much as possible." The "Disputation" poem in the *Hebrew Melodies* concludes with an olfactory rejection of both rabbi and friar. A love lyric, *"Ich liebe solche weisse Glieder,"* sings three quatrains of adoration to the beloved, but the last line is a wry prediction of betrayal. Again and again, like Penelope, Heine must unravel his daylight web of reason in the interests of a deeper devotion.

Voice of Janus

To some critics it seemed that this complex temperament was simply fleeing from his own ardor into flippancies. It was this quality in Heine that led even such an admirer as Matthew Arnold to withhold the highest laurels from the man whom he considered the greatest German poet after Goethe. To the moralistic Englishman, Heine's sparkle was flawed by sensuality.

The sensuality is always there, of course. Even imprisoned in his bed, he cries in exasperation to his last love, the mysterious Mouche, who sits by his mattress grave holding his emaciated hands: *"Immer Geist und keinen Braten Keine Knödel in der Suppe."* "Always spirit and no roast, no dumplings in the soup."

What other Romantic would say anything like that? Byron, perhaps, but he would be posing. Surely not Shelley, anticipating his own death

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with melancholy satisfaction, or Leopardi crying under the Tuscan moon. Heine's humor was not flight but a sign of his fundamental balance. In this he is unlike any of the other Romantics; he was—as he himself explicitly declared—the last of the Romantics and the first of the anti-Romantics. Living in an age of transition he speaks to us in our age of transition—a modern man, cynical, passionate, wise, his lively spirit fluttering from flower to flower of Europe's dying garden. He brews his nectar of German song and French wit, of Hellenistic aestheticism and Jewish austerity, of hatred of oppression and clear-sighted vision of new oppressions to come, of Romantic desire and anti-Romantic knowledge of consequences. The voice of this Janus has an on-the-brink quality that rouses echoes in us; he is resolutely in favor of progress, but in what a hurry to take a bath should that rude sovereign, the people, dare caress him too closely!

And when the Nazi jackboots marched up the Champs Elysées and Hitler danced his repulsive little jig, how many French leaders remembered these Jovian warnings Heinrich Heine had written more than a hundred years before?

". . . Once that restraining talisman, the Cross, is broken, then the smoldering ferocity of those ancient warriors will again blaze up; then will again be heard the deadly clang of that frantic Berserkir wrath . . . The talisman is rotten with decay, and the day will surely come when it will crumble and fall. Then the ancient stone gods will arise from out the ashes of dismantled ruins, and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes; and finally Thor, with his colossal hammer, will leap up, and with it shatter into fragments the Gothic cathedrals . . . German thunder is certainly German, and is rather awkward, and it comes rolling along tardily; but come it surely will, and when you once hear a crash the like of which in the world's history was never heard before, then know that the German thunderbolt has reached its mark. At this crash the eagles will fall dead in mid-air, and the lions in Afric's most distant deserts will cower and sneak into their royal dens. A drama will be enacted in Germany in comparison with which the French Revolution will appear a harmless idyl. . . . You have more to fear from emancipated Germany than from the whole Holy Alliance, with all its Croats and Cossacks. . . . Let what will happen in Germany, whether the Crown Prince of Prussia or Dr. Wirth hold sway, be always armed, remain quietly at your post, musket in hand. . . ."

The man who wrote that prediction may not have been an original thinker in the abstract sense, but we can still take fire from his ashes.

Book Notes

Congressional Politics in the Second World War, by Roland Young. ***Columbia University Press. $4.50.***

Congress, Its Contemporary Role, by Ernest Griffith. ***New York University Press. $3.50.***

Many political scientists examining Congress become exasperated with it, but the authors of these two books keep their patience pretty well. Mr. Griffith even may keep it a bit too well. He is the head of the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress, and here he has revised a book about Congress he wrote in 1951. On the whole, he sides against those who want Congressional reform, and he certainly opposes those who want party discipline or a large role for the Executive to overcome defects of Congress. He is more or less content with things as they are. He accepts most of the Congressman's self-defense, and along with it some of his love of local interests, fear of the Executive and of the technically competent—Congressmen call them "bureaucrats."

Mr. Young deals with a period when Congress was using that word a lot and was itself undergoing a real test—that of the Second World War. He is not quite so satisfied. He admits Congress's complications, delays, and shortsightedness, but he shows that it did not prove to be the wartime anachronism that many, even among its own members, thought it might be. It still may have looked out first for the auto dealers and farmers, and it may have called Mr. Donald Nelson of the War Production Board to testify on rubber before seventeen different committees, but "Congress survived the stresses and tensions of the war." It showed that pessimists and totalitarians were wrong: The free legislature *can* rise to an emergency and still remain free. Congress also remains sufficiently exasperating to many Americans, in its awkward response to modern problems of the city and the world, to deserve a more searching criticism than either of these books provides.

Elephants and Ivory, by John Alfred Jordan as told to John Prebble. ***Rinehart. $3.50.***

"Leopards will hunt in pairs, but more often stalk alone. There is no group noun for leopards, no pride of them, but if there were one you might make it a slink of leopards. So beautiful are they in movement, so rhythmically composed that they seem boneless. They are not like lions who lie at their kill indifferent to sycophantic dogs and hyenas. The leopard has no audience when he eats, for he is inclined to turn onlookers into the next course. . . ." Reminiscences of a professional hunter in the Africa of fifty years ago, far better written than most books of its kind.

The Story of the Tower: The Tree That Escaped the Crowded Forest, by Frank Lloyd Wright. 130 illustrations, 6 color plates. ***Horizon Press. $6.***

Here is a skyscraper set right up in the middle of the Oklahoma prairie. It stands nineteen stories high above Bartlesville and it is where it is because Mr. Harold C. Price and his sons wanted a building for their construction company and went to see Frank Lloyd Wright about it. Wright decided on a tower, in which office space alternates with apartments; the Price people had the imagination and courage to accept his project. This book with pictures by Joe Price shows how the tower rose—copper, glass, concrete, steel—stage by stage from blueprint.

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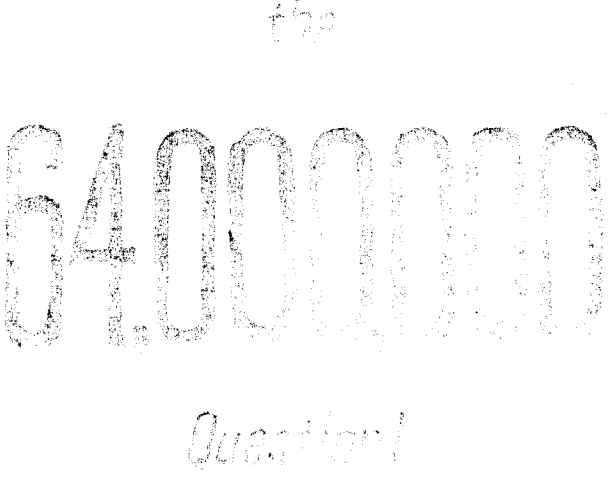

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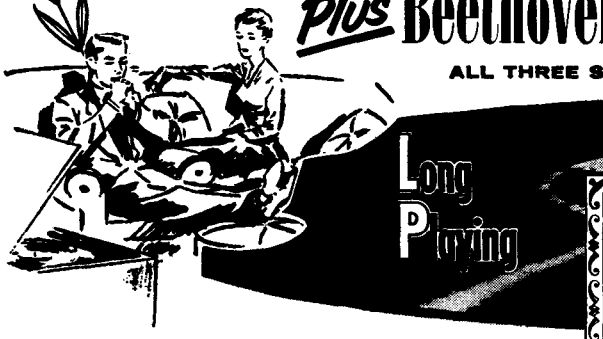

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